The Nation

Vol. CVIII NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1919 No. 2806

The Week

THE presence in New York, *en route* to Paris, of a delegation representing the Nationalist party of the Union of South Africa, calls attention once more to the irrepressible conflict between imperialism and the principle of self-determination. In this case it is a Dutch-speaking population, comprising a majority of the population of the Union, which is asking for a restoration of the independence which it formerly enjoyed, and which was taken from it in a war of which England has never been proud. General J. B. M. Hertzog, Dr. Malan, and their associates desire the application to South Africa of a principle, thus far championed only by the United States and Russia, under which both the Dutch and the English peoples of the Union would determine their political affiliations for themselves. In a published interview General Hertzog predicts civil war in South Africa if the plea for self-determination is not granted. We fear that the Peace Conference, to which the claims of the Boers are to be submitted, will nevertheless be as little disposed to listen favorably as it will to heed the urgings of the American champions of Irish freedom who have lately gone to Paris; but the issue will not down. The British Government, meantime, has wisely refrained from putting any obstacles in the way of the South African mission, and even tendered the use of a naval vessel for the voyage to England when a threatened seamen's strike made it necessary to abandon a proposed sailing by the Union Castle Line; but the action of the Seamen's Union will doubtless tend to incite prejudice against the Boer representatives, as did similar action in England against Mr. Arthur Henderson and others who wished to attend a labor and Socialist conference on the Continent. With Egypt in open rebellion, however, India in ferment, Ireland held down only by force, Canada ruled by Orders in Council rather than by its Parliament, and South Africa divided, and with a Government at Westminster unable to do anything save to drift from day to day, the outlook for the Empire is certainly disturbing. If Mr. Wilson were to follow his recent assurances to the Filipinos by a positive and insistent demand for the independence of the Philippines, it might be hard for Great Britain to resist much longer the demands for self-determination in its own Dominions.

IN discussing the proposed coercion bills under consideration by the Government of India, the London *Herald* observes that Britain has discovered by bitter experience in Ireland "how impossible it is for 45,000,000 people to govern 4,000,000 against their will." Obviously, the problem becomes even more impossible when the 4,000,000 are increased to 300,000,000, as in India, when 6,000,000 lives have been lost by influenza in the last few months, and when the worst famine in years is ravaging a helpless population. With prices of food grains ranging from fifty-one to one hundred per cent. higher than last year's record, and a fodder famine threatening the cattle supply, it must comfort the people very little to hear that from a total of £86,000,000 in the present annual budget, £41,000,000 is to be devoted to military expenses. The unrest and economic distress now promise to be aggravated by the enactment of two coercive laws carrying into effect the recommendations of the Rowlatt Commission which investigated sedition. The two bills, which are reported to be certain of passage, provide severe measures of repression and punishment for Nationalist agitation. The All-India National Congress has protested unanimously against the bills. The entire native press is in opposition. According to the *Herald*, twenty-six public meetings and every Indian association of importance have joined in the protest. Twenty-two of the twenty-four non-official Indians on the India Legislative Council are opposed to the measures. There is, however, no indication that native opposition or liberal British opinion will prevent their enactment. Apparently Great Britain is bent upon flourishing the whip with one hand while she offers her subject peoples sweets with the other. The Montagu-Chelmsford proposals for reform and increased self-government in India seem to be an honest, if excessively cautious, attempt to satisfy the aspirations of the people. They are opposed by extreme Indian Nationalists and are supported only with certain reservations by the moderates, but the unanimous opposition of the conservative British elements in India and the Tories in England makes it evident that they are at least liberal in intent. Great Britain, however, intends to be prepared for any contingency. If the Montagu reforms fail to satisfy her Indian subjects, the sedition measures will be at hand to make satisfaction compulsory.

IT would seem as though nothing could withstand the systematic and relentless efforts of Japanese imperialism to wipe out Korea as a moral fact. It is asserted by representatives of Korea in this country that all examples of Korean literature and history in public or private possession have been burned, that the entire press, from newspapers to scientific journals, has been stamped out, and that subsidized publications for foreign consumption have been established. The natives, they add, have been forced to sell land by the ingenious device of calling in all specie so that the sole way to get any money was to part with land to the Japanese colonists imported by a subsidized colonization company. The Japanese language, it is stated, has been forced upon the schools, which are not allowed to teach history or geography; nor may students go to Europe or America to finish their education, and if they go to Japan they are not at liberty to study such subjects as law, history, or economics. The people are disarmed and subjected to omnipresent military espionage. Such is the story. Yet, despite this repression, Korea overheard the talk of freedom and international right in distant Washington and Paris, and the independence of Korea was proclaimed early in March. The Japanese ascribe the ensuing movement to "an erroneous conception of the idea of self-determination." It may be so. The Korean leaders, who claim a following of three million, are endeavoring to get their adherents to use the method of non-resistance and to offer no opposition, how-

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ever cruelly they may be treated. Korean spokesmen are appealing to the liberalism of the world, and in particular to the Peace Conference. They disclaim any desire to make Japan suffer for the faults of "a few statesmen," and seek new relations of friendship between the two peoples. They point out the bad effect in China of imperialist policies in Korea, and assert that their movement is affecting the entire Orient. Recent press accounts of the situation have been conspicuously unenlightening, although the formation, by an organization of Koreans in Manchuria, of a Korean provisional Government was reported more than a week ago. The Japanese are reported as believing that "lack of arms will prevent a serious insurrectionary movement."

THE British industrial conference has preached the most telling sermon in many weeks against revolution by force. Called at a moment when a drastic reconstitution of the industrial structure was about to be enforced by direct action, it has united capital and labor in a demand for progressive changes, and has proposed the immediate steps. It recommends a permanent industrial council of four hundred, representing half and half the employers' associations and the trade unions. This council is to be recognized by the state as the official consultative body on labor questions. Legislation is asked establishing universal collective bargaining and the forty-eight-hour week, and dealing with the minimum wage, unemployment, and child labor. The conference adopted the programme unanimously, but declined to submit it to manufacturers and the unions before the Government had committed itself. That the initiative in social reconstruction has been almost entirely outside of Parliament, which is only to be asked to enact the programme so that it receives *pro forma* the force of law, indicates the striking development brought about by the war. The outcome of the conference is a setback for the leaders of the national guilds and the shop stewards, and a reversion to old-line trade unionism, but the advance of the rear guard in British industry was enforced by the campaign of the radicals. The programme is being heralded as a Magna Charta of labor, and such for the time being it becomes. But its value lies, not in the comprehensive nature of its proposals, which, after all, are not so extensive as labor ultimately may require, but in its method of procedure. We have urged a similar conference for the United States; here also are extremists, as well as the feeling of emergence into a life of new industrial value. Our own country also should move cautiously, but move it must, if it is to be saved from precipitate choices.

GENERAL DICKMAN, commanding the American Army of Occupation, is no doubt a thoroughly competent officer and a man of humane instincts, but he is not that rarest of all human beings, a soldier who understands the art of civil government. The chief blunder of the forces of occupation, the prohibition of members of the Rhenish Provincial Assembly from attending a sitting, he could not prevent, for it was ordered by General Foch. Yet General Dickman has ended a strike of laborers in the employ of the army by arresting the strikers, fining them in his own military tribunal, and putting them back to work under guard to work out their fines. Another strike, of Coblenz tailors, was broken by General Dickman's threat to deport the strikers. Undoubtedly in both instances the provocation was great, but if General Dickman were to consult any official of the Labor Department, he would learn that patience and tact are essential to the conduct of a modern community. In Coblenz, fines as high as 1,000 Marks have been imposed upon strike agitators. Also, an additional company of military police has recently been found necessary in Coblenz, and the burgomaster has appealed to the citizens to submit faithfully to discipline. Despite the inevitable difficulties of the situation, all testimony points to the generally excellent behavior of American soldiers in Germany.

WE have become accustomed in these latter days to the spectacle of Mars and the Muses in partnership. Heretofore, as a rule, the Muses have, at least nominally, been the senior partners, but in an institution of learning which has recently been established at Beaune, in Burgundy, Mars is frankly the dominating personality. This is a university for American soldiers in France. It is conducted on a military basis in all matters of administration, and its system of government is similar to that of an American military post. Entrance to the university is unrestricted, provided the applicant has the equivalent of a high-school education. There is no cost to students for travel to the school or for quarters or text books. Their present status as officer or enlisted man continues, and pay or allowances are given according to rank. The courses of instruction cover a wide field, ranging all the way from letters and sciences, philosophy and psychology, fine and applied arts, to agriculture, salesmanship and advertising, and hygiene. It would be interesting to know how far the new enterprise is proving a success.

THE Chicago election gave the Independent Labor party its first test, and Mr. John Fitzpatrick, its leader and mayoralty candidate, ran fourth in the race. Mayor William Hale Thompson was reëlected, partly because he had built up a strong political organization during his incumbency, partly because the unreasonably violent abuse of the press won him sympathy, and partly because the voters, while not satisfied with his affiliations, were convinced that a vote for Robert M. Sweitzer, the Democratic candidate, was a vote for the public service corporations. Mr. Fitzpatrick, on the other hand, suffered from neglect by all the newspapers, and polled only a fourth of the union membership of the city. There are local explanations for this weak showing, such as the fact that many of the foreigners in the new stockyard unions are not enfranchised. But it is apparent that organized labor is still under the spell of the American Federation teaching against participation in politics, and that so long as the Federation remains under its present domination its members will not acknowledge their own political power. The insurgents in the Federation are growing in numbers, and Mr. Gompers will be fortunate if he survives another convention. But until he is displaced the Labor party can have no important part in shaping national policies.

THE aliens of New York must "behave themselves while they are within our country and under the protection of our flag." Thus Mayor Hylan, in asking the President of the Board of Aldermen to prepare an ordinance to prevent "the holding of meetings in this city whose proceedings are conducted in a foreign language for the abuse of our Government, or by or under the auspices of any person or persons who are not citizens of the United States." The Mayor writes further that aliens are preaching "murder and de-

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struction as a quick remedy for all the economic shortcomings of the human race. They come to our shores as advance agents of anarchy to try to inoculate thoughtless men and women with the poisonous virus that is destroying Russia and setting it back to the savagery of a thousand years ago." Such fulminations are lamentable, for they serve only to instigate revolt and anger. It is one thing to prevent violence and disorder; it is another to enact ordinances which in their very nature lend themselves easily to the suppression of legitimate political discussion. The history of the relation of Mayor Hylan's Police Department to the Socialists during the past five months is not pleasant reading, and it is easy to speculate on the uses that might be made of such an ordinance as the Mayor demands. At a time like this, when public feeling is easily aroused, it is specially important that responsible public officials should weigh their words with care. And it is no less important that in the enactment and administration of the law they should leave no ground for fair suspicion of partiality or injustice as between various social groups, or of attempt at the suppression of legitimate differences of economic and political opinion. Let us have order, by all means, but let us not forget that the fundamental condition of order is not repression, but intelligent freedom.

SENATOR KNIGHT, Chairman of the Labor and Industries Committee of the New York Assembly, has introduced in the Senate a measure substantially the same as the Massachusetts minimum wage law, and the influence of the New York State Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association is being exerted to have it enacted instead of the bill of the Women's Joint Legislative Conference. The women's bill compels the acceptance of the minimum wage set by trade boards; under the Massachusetts law the boards only make recommendations, and publish in one newspaper the names of recalcitrant manufacturers. The only penalty is in cases where the employer, after agreeing to accept the findings, breaks his pledge. The Massachusetts statute, the first of the State laws, was passed in 1912. All subsequent legislation, excepting in Nebraska, has been more rigorous. The bill of the New York women is substantially the same as the Oregon law, whose constitutionality has been upheld by the Supreme Court of the United States, and it has the endorsement of practically all the women's organizations of the State, which have conducted a remarkably thorough and intelligent campaign, not only for this measure but also for a number of other bills guaranteeing the eight-hour day, health insurance, and protection for office and transportation workers and for elevator operators. Only the bill for elevator operators has been reported out of committee. Speaker Sweet, it is alleged, is obstructing the bills in an attempt to spare the Assemblymen the need of placing themselves on record as to this class of measures. And the opponents, blind to the ultimate folly of such a course, are defending their strategy by denouncing the women's programme as Bolshevism.

THE equinoctial ceremony of putting forward the clock has passed off, in the case of this country, without friction, and practically without protest, save for a growl from the farmer who anticipates trouble with his hired man and his cow. Across our northern borders, however, things have not gone so smoothly. The farmers of Canada have succeeded once more in preventing the Parliament at Ottawa from enacting a daylight-saving statute. This might well have ended the contention, at least for another year, if the urban population had submitted gracefully, but it refused to submit gracefully or otherwise, and, with diabolical ingenuity and by means of municipal ordinances, proceeded to make daylight saving the law in most of the larger urban centres. This was bad enough from the rural point of view, and threatened to become worse as the smaller cities seemed likely to follow the example of the larger ones in tampering with the clock. But, worse yet, the railroads *have* "tampered," and the farmers who object to getting up in the dark to take the milk to the train will find themselves under the necessity of doing so. An interesting situation threatens to develop in Ottawa, where, in case the City Council decides to enact daylight saving, it may come to pass that the city will do its business by one time and the Federal Government by another. Just at present it looks as if the farmers might easily get the worst of the dispute, in spite of the fact that they are proverbially *fortunati nimium*.

THE keen and almost hysterical interest in forestry awakened during the Administration of President Roosevelt has apparently been succeeded by a comfortable belief that in some mysterious way the problem of securing an adequate permanent timber supply has solved itself. Such a belief is remote from the truth. In a recent address before the New England Forestry Conference, Forester Graves called attention to the statement of southern authorities that the original supplies of pine in the South will be exhausted in ten years, and that in a half dozen years more, 3,000 mills will go out of existence. The Lake States, only a few years ago our greatest timber producers, are now paying $6,000,000 a year in freight charges on lumber and other products brought in. Prices have risen so greatly that Pacific Coast lumber can pay the charges for a 3,000-mile haul to New England. The latter section, presenting in many ways the most favorable conditions for forestry in the country, is cutting each year twice its annual growth of wood, and even at that is importing from outside regions more than thirty per cent. of all the lumber it uses, to say nothing of large amounts of pulp wood. It is interesting to contrast the case of France, which, with almost the same forest area as New England (about 25,000,000 acres), had for years before the war been improving its forests, and was approaching the point where it could supply most of its own needs. As Mr. Graves points out, less than two per cent. of the saw-mills of the United States are operating on public forests, and we face the imperative need of working out a constructive policy with relation to privately owned timber lands. This involves complex problems of taxation, fire protection, technical methods, and labor, to say nothing of other questions; and in these days of readjustment, the States will do well to give prompt and serious attention to the matter. For, however important the relation of man to man, it remains forever true that social well-being is conditioned on the amount of wealth produced, and no nation can prosper that fails to make provision for the wise use of its natural resources.

OWING to the pressure of urgent foreign matter, the eighth article in the series on "The New United States" has been omitted from the week's issue of the *Nation*. It will appear in the next number, and will deal with the question of inland waterways.

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Oil and Intervention in Mexico

IT is difficult to understand the failure of the American press to grasp the significance and the profound interest of the statement issued last week in Chicago by the three Catholic archbishops of Mexico who have made that city their place of refuge for the past few years. This statement, the full text of which we print below, was distributed throughout the country by the United Press, but, so far as we have observed, it received scanty recognition. The incident furnishes only another example of the failure of our press correctly to inform the public concerning the true events and tendencies of the day. The sinister propaganda issued last week by General Blanquet's office in New York was published by the column in many prominent newspapers in America; it is safe to say that there are few communities which today are not aware that General Blanquet has landed in Mexico, or which have not received the impression that an important revolt against the Carranza Government is at hand.

The mere fact that the news is essentially untrue—that General Blanquet has practically no following, that an important revolt is not imminent in Mexico, that the whole report is a piece of bombastic inflation, and that the American public has thereby been grossly misinformed—this fact, to put it cynically, is quite irrelevant to the purpose. The real question runs, is the news popular? On the other hand, the statement of the Mexican archbishops is allowed to pass with little comment. "Shall we appeal in vain to the fair-minded moulders of American opinion?" ask the archbishops. Such appears too likely to be the case.

The statement of the Mexican archbishops is, on the score of spirituality and Christian principle, one of the great documents of the present day. It needs to be examined in the light of the last few years of Mexican history; then its simple, heroic virtues stand revealed. Briefly, the point of human interest is this: the archbishops have a bitter grievance against the Carranza Government, yet, in the face of the situation which they see threatening, they refuse to lend their moral support to any movement fostering American or foreign intervention in Mexico. It is not within the purpose of this article to discuss the merits of their grievance; on the one hand, the Mexican Church has suffered violence and expropriation, and atrocities have been committed against the nuns and the clergy; on the other hand, the Carranza Government accuses the Catholic clergy in Mexico of instigating its followers to counter-revolution, and of indulging in general political activities detrimental to the present régime. The disestablishment and expropriation of an ancient and wealthy Church could hardly lead to anything short of persecution, irregularity, and mutual animosity; although the process in Mexico has not by any means been confined to the Carranza régime, and was not instituted by this Government. Even in the days of Diaz the Church had begun to suffer persecution. However the real issue may stand, the fact remains that the three archbishops now exiled in Chicago feel their grievances very deeply; they have been banished from Mexico, they have suffered desperately in their persons, and one of them, the Archbishop of Guadalajara, has lain under sentence of death in a Mexican prison; yet they have risen above these temporal considerations in a spirit of true Christian forgiveness, have appealed without fear or favor to the Mexican and the American people alike, and have lifted the whole matter to a loftier plane.

The practical and political aspects of this action are of wide significance. In the course of their sojourn in America the Mexican archbishops have travelled widely, preaching on the Mexican situation and collecting funds for the refugee camps which they have maintained on the border. Such a campaign has of necessity aided the growth of a bitter and undiscriminating anti-Mexican sentiment among the Catholics of America. In the face of this sentiment it must have taken no small measure of courage and self-forgetfulness for the Mexican archbishops to issue this statement calling on "the faithful in the United States and Mexico" to practice mutual patience and forbearance. There are some 18,000,000 Catholics in the United States, who during the last few years through the pulpit and the Catholic press have been taught to look upon Mexico as a land of evil, and who could be expected to add great weight to the drive for American intervention. The attempt to turn the mind of this vast body of Catholic opinion, to mitigate the intensity of its unfavorable reaction toward Mexico, is a political event of first importance, and one calculated seriously to cut under the interventionist propaganda which has again menacingly raised its head.

Why did the Mexican archbishops feel called upon to take such an extraordinary step? A careful perusal of their document, and a glance at the Mexican "news" which the press seems glad to carry, confirm the obvious inference. The archbishops must have discovered that they and their campaign for funds were being used by sinister forces as the moral cloak for a nefarious propaganda, as a spiritual blessing on an unholy enterprise. To put it baldly, the Mexican archbishops must have smelt oil. "In Mexico," reads their statement, "anarchy is abetted by a few aliens; and our people are angered by unwarranted foreign interference in their domestic concerns. . . The purpose of these activities is made plain by a press which is filled with the threats and portents of a new war, the work of a small group of heartless and thoughtless men against our own well-beloved people of Mexico." These are strong words, and their implication is unequivocal. The day following the issuance of this statement came the Blanquet announcement, reeking of oil, but nevertheless subtly appealing to every interest of the old régime—the Church and the clergy among the rest. The juxtaposition of these two announcements cannot have been a mere coincidence. The archbishops' statement, anticipating the other, constitutes a complete and telling answer to the Blanquet claims.

There is reason to believe that efforts of serious proportions are being made to bring about war between the United States and Mexico. The air seems reasonably clear, the storm remote, the danger absurdly far away; yet bit by bit the propaganda is being spread with ostensible fortuitousness among us, little by little the real movement discloses itself, one by one the forces assembled for the work are revealed. Leading American and Canadian oil men go to Paris—the former after an unseemly controversy with the State Department. In Paris these gentlemen meet with the other oil groups: the Cowdrays, the Dutch Shell interests (largely British-owned), the Morgan banking group, and the affiliated British and French financial representatives. The Morgan group, it must be remembered, have

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acted as bankers for the British Government throughout the war. Suddenly it is announced from the library of J. P. Morgan that a committee consisting of ten American, five British, and five French bankers has been formed to protect the interests of foreign investors in Mexico. The pillars of the financial world are members of this committee. Shortly thereafter the Prinkipo Conference, looking toward a settlement of the Russian and Rumanian oil question, is proposed and advocated by Premier Borden of Canada, although President Wilson becomes the ostensible sponsor. The plan falls through, Baron Shaughnessy returns to Canada, and oil affairs are quiet for awhile. Then appears out of the air the old Japanese bugaboo of Lower California; the American press comments wildly, a three-days' excitement is created, and the story is once more officially repudiated. Almost immediately, however, it is announced that the British Government has taken over large oil interests and is going into the business. On top of this, General Blanquet suddenly lands in Mexico, and carefully prepared statements of his enterprise are issued in New York.

This hasty review of a circumstantial situation is by no means fantastic. A drive is on, and the story of it is written plainly in the Blanquet propaganda. President Carranza is to be labelled pro-German, and his régime is apparently to fall into the category of Bolshevism. Law and order, property rights, the Church and the old Constitution —all are to be invoked. Foreign recognition is to be secured. And then, notch by notch, public opinion in America is to be whipped into favor of intervention. The Monroe Doctrine and the anti-Japanese sentiment can be used as a powerful leverage. Some business interests in the country would look with satisfaction on a renewal of the state of war and a return of the war psychology. All the balked jingoism of a country cut off from war in the midst of the first fever would react toward Mexican intervention in a fresh wave of arrogant emotionalism. The oil magnates and their banking committee understand precisely the nature of the instrument which they are playing on.

We sincerely hope that this campaign may not succeed, and that the integrity of American minds and feelings may not be swayed by sordid interests. The fallacy is too obvious; oil is not worth the lives of American troops, and even in simple terms of money it is absurd to expend billions of dollars to safeguard property worth hundreds of millions. There is peril in resting too securely in the faith that the Mexican interventionists are powerless to move the country; but they cannot succeed if the truth is candidly spoken. The words of the Mexican archbishops are wise and true, and their action sets a high standard of moral statesmanship. They refuse to become tools. American opinion will be grateful for their courage and wisdom. It is therefore with peculiar pleasure that we lay before our readers the following remarkable document:

The late war has spread desolation and destruction over large areas of the earth: has shaken our social fabric to its foundations: has left in a maimed, starving, and plague-stricken condition multitudes of our fellow-men: and has filled the world with the lamentations of the bereaved and the suffering. As the common father of mankind and as the custodian of the Christian world, the Sovereign Pontiff has appealed to us all in the name of God and for the sake of humanity, not merely to bind up the wounds of our civilization, but, through steadfast advocacy of justice to all peoples, also to point the way to permanent peace and goodwill. Even while we in love and charity labor to fulfil this duty which Christianity imposes upon us and which the Holy Father so eloquently requires of us, there are others who fan old fears, and rekindle old hates. A small, selfish, but very powerful minority still pervert and obscure the interests of the plain people. The rights of the weakest continue to be sacrificed to the interests of the strongest.

In Mexico, anarchy is abetted by a few aliens; and our people are angered by unwarranted foreign interference in their domestic concerns, an indignity which a proud and sovereign race cannot lightly endure. The purpose of these activities is made plain by a press which is filled with the threats and portents of a new war, the work of a small group of heartless or thoughtless men against our own well-beloved people of Mexico.

We, the undersigned bishops of Mexico, sustained in our exile by our faith and trust in God and by love of our country, share the hopes and tribulations of our people. We rejoice in their gladness, and grieve over their sorrows. And in obedience to the command of our blessed Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, in conformity with the behest of His Vicar, our Sovereign Pontiff, and dominated by our ever vigilant solicitude for the safety and well-being of those committed to our care, we are impelled to appeal to the citizens of the United States and to the citizens of the Republic of Mexico to be patient and forbearing the one with the other, lest the amity which just men desire to preserve and to foster should be disrupted by the machinations of the evil forces that are now arrayed against it. We desire that wise counsel should displace all thoughts of violence in the consideration of such differences as exist, or as may be created, between our dear land of Mexico and the land of our refuge. Between lands linked in a common destiny by nature and by sentiment, free lands intended by God to help each other in harmony, mutual confidence, and disinterested friendship, in the fulfilment of the high purposes for which He has created them—peace, the peace of God and the Church, should prevail.

We, as representatives of the Church which has under our leadership and in our persons suffered persecution at the hands of the Mexican Government, appeal in our anguish especially to all who are bearing burdens unfairly placed upon them by the Mexican authorities. Before those who are burdened, we would give testimony of our abiding faith in the essential justice of the Mexican people, and our unalterable trust in the ultimate triumph of all just causes placed before the tribunal of our people. We, homeless shepherds whose folds are wrecked and ruined, and whose flocks are scattered and sorely beset; we who are bound in conscience to abate no effort till the trust be fulfilled that God gave to our care; we urge mutual patience and forbearance, for our trust in the Mexican people is absolute. And proclaiming that trust before men, shall we appeal in vain to the fair-minded moulders of American opinion that they refrain from thoughts of violence and instruct their public in the ways of charity, and of peace settlement of all difficulties? We appeal especially to those in the United States who in good faith have made our cause their own, reminding them that the temples of God are the hearts of His people and that the mission of His Church is to create peace and good-will among men. The principle on which our Church is founded will insure a peace of justice, for the capacity of the Mexican people to respond to the mission of the Church is limited only by the artificial and temporary barriers which restrict our functions. Finally we appeal to the faithful in the United States and in Mexico to join us in our prayers that God may be pleased speedily to remove all occasions of misunderstanding between these two sovereign states so that the American and the Mexican peoples, each preserving its own sovereignty, may dwell together in perfect peace now and forever.

FRANCIS PLANCARTE
Archbishop of Linares
LEOPOLD RUIZ
Archbishop of Michoacan
FRANCIS OROZCO Y JIMENEZ
Archbishop of Guadalajara

Chicago, April 4

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Immigration and Internationalism

WHEN the Sixty-fifth Congress adjourned, on March 4, there was pending in that body a bill prohibiting immigration into the United States for four years. That bill, in consequence of the adjournment, is dead, but there is every reason for anticipating that an identical bill, or one with substantially equivalent provisions, will be introduced in the Senate or House when the new Congress convenes. When the proposal reappears, however, its supporters and opponents will have to take account of an argument which, while clearly enough foreshadowed at the time when the former measure was under consideration, was not sufficiently developed to make it a determining factor in the discussion. That argument is internationalism. It makes little difference whether or not President Wilson succeeds in carrying the country with him in support of the resolution of the Peace Conference, or whether the plan of a League of Nations to which the Senate will be asked to give its approval is the original scheme promulgated by the Peace Conference or a modified draft such as the newspapers are busily discussing. What has been set going in the world is the idea of international organization, international action for the furtherance of world happiness, and international comity; and it is in the light of this overshadowing idea that the question of immigration must eventually be judged.

Nothing will be gained, when the question again comes up, by reciting the familiar arguments for or against the restriction of immigration. If we leave out of the account the insane, the feeble-minded, the physically helpless, and those convicted of non-political offences—classes which each nation may properly be asked to care for for itself—the arguments in favor of restriction rest ultimately upon one or other of two grounds. The first is the assumption that every nation has the right, in the nature of things, to determine who shall or shall not enter or reside in its territory, and to keep the opportunities of its economic or social life to itself. The second is the assumption that the nations of the world are not equal, that some peoples are a "menace" to others, and that differences of race are an insurmountable barrier to economic assimilation or social equality. The first of these assumptions is at the bottom of every restriction of immigration which professes to protect American labor from foreign competition; the latter underlies every contemptuous reference to "foreigners" as of another and lower breed, every worked-up cry of alarm at the "menace" of "low-grade" labor from abroad, every restriction upon the entrance of Chinese or Japanese or upon their life while here.

It will be interesting to see how those who have been eagerly proclaiming their acceptance of Mr. Wilson's doctrines of democracy and human brotherhood, and who now appear to be at least as anxious that the world shall have a League of Nations as they are that it shall have a just and durable peace, will treat the subject of immigration when the question is once more before Congress and the country. As a matter of fact, neither of the assumptions just referred to squares with internationalism. We have objected to the Paris plan of a League of Nations because, among other things, it provides for a league of Governments and not for a league of peoples; because it has been framed in secret by a self-constituted group of titular heads of four great Powers, without consultation with the representatives of other Governments, neutral or belligerent, and without mandate even from their own people; because the Governments whose spokesmen have framed the League will dominate it; and because the special claims of right or privilege which in the past have either helped to set nations against one another or have negatived the idea of national equality are, apparently, to be respected and continued. This is no true internationalism, but only a novel scheme of inter-Allied nationalism; and from such ingenious devices for keeping up appearances the awakened peoples of the world have now turned away.

The bearing of this upon the particular question of immigration is clear. If Congress has comprehended the new international spirit which now everywhere pervades, and is genuinely in sympathy with it, it will have done with putting up the bars. Even the game of politics must, in the long run, be played fairly if politics itself is not to be hopelessly discredited. The very idea of internationalism, and hence of every proper scheme of a League of Nations, implies the right of the citizens of every member of the League to unrestricted admission to the territory of every other member, and to equal freedom of residence or occupation therein; so only that they obey the law of the jurisdiction in which they happen to be, and contribute by physical or intellectual labor to the welfare of the community. Anything less than this belongs to the narrow and selfish nationalism which the world has outgrown.

The same is true with the assumption of inequality. Just as there can be no lasting federation of nations if the few that are strong are to dominate the many that are weak, so there can be no true internationalism if the right of free migration is to be denied or seriously curtailed. Of all the mockeries which have hindered the growth of a genuine international spirit in this country, those of "lower standards" and the "menace of cheap labor" have been among the worst. If all the descendants of foreigners who came to the United States in poverty, and who gladly took the first job they could find at any wages the employer would pay, were to be disfranchised, some exceptionally prominent American families would lose their voting privilege. To possess superior advantages and deny to others the opportunity of sharing in them; to hold in poverty, ignorance, and suffering, through oppressive conditions of employment, wretched housing, and poor schools, men and women of foreign birth whose labor is adding daily to our wealth; to lump together contemptuously as "foreigners" all whose native language is not English; or to determine the social worth of a man by the color of his skin, is not only snobbish and anti-social in the individual, but anti-international and socially destructive in the nation. Now that most of the nations of the earth and their colonies have been combining against a common enemy, and those which were fighting in the heat of the battle have gladly welcomed help from every quarter, it is time to abandon the unctuous pretence of national and racial superiority. It were better that internationalism should be condemned as a pernicious heresy, and the best-contrived plan of a League of Nations rejected without a dissenting vote, than that, having espoused the one and ratified the other, we should insult the weakest member of the new society of nations by denying to its people free admission to our shores.

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Seeds and Symbols

NEVER is historical perspective more necessary than for nations which, as outsiders, deal with a country in upheaval. Obviously it is their duty to control the conflagration in order both to protect its victims and to guard their own peoples from the spreading of the flame; just as obviously, it is imperative to avoid any method of repression that will merely feed the fire. To escape any such fatal mistake it is necessary to understand history as it has been made, in order to attain both the patience and the perception needed to understand history at present in the making. The violence of a revolution has always been measured by the violence of the oppression against which it revolts. Patience will cause us to remember the cruel generations of tyranny that caused the fire, perception will direct us to discover the high but hidden idealism toward which the fire aspires. Always the fires of revolution are in the beginning fires of aspiration, the flaming vision of an idealism so intense that it believes it can in a moment burn away all obstacles. And history shows that the fiery ordeal does burn away obstacles, but never in a moment. Looking into the past to observe the obscure seed-time of revolutions as well as their clear harvest of human progress should give us faith to believe that what we watch in Russia is the scourging of the soil that prepares it, cleansed with fire and watered with blood, for some transcendent fruitage.

The clue to comprehension lies not in the acts of revolutionaries, but in their ideal, and this can sometimes be discovered through some current watch-word, some street-cry of the mob, mad, blind, bloodthirsty, but aspirant. The Russian Revolution began with a word, a countersign, on everybody's lips, a word as beautiful and as significant of promise as the Russian greeting of Easter morning, "Christ is risen." We are prone to compare the Russian and French Revolutions adversely to the Russian, but such attitude is due merely to the fact that we are closer to the Russian and see only its initial bloodshed, while of the other we know its triumphant results. Among many points of comparison between the two is the fact that the ideal of each is revealed in a word, a pass-word of greeting by which men and women tested each other's loyalty to the cause. Seeds and symbols of an inner dream and hope, these two watch-words reveal the direction of that new growth ordained to bear fruit in the future, clarifying the ideal peculiar to each nation; for the pass-word of the French was *citizen*, of the Russian it is *comrade*.

Both in principles and in practice the two revolutions have characteristics in common. Both exhibited a blind mass-resistance to intolerable oppression; both were a cry for freedom—in revolutionary France political freedom, in revolutionary Russia economic freedom. Both denied any sex handicap: men and women alike had equal claim to the title of citizen, as men and women have equal claim to the title of comrade; the new state struggling from chaos to fulfilment needs the uttermost efforts of both sexes. Both revolts scorned the divine inheritance of kings, substituting a faith in the divine inheritance of all men. All revolution is at first the blind demand for rights denied, and then the awakened perception that rights attained mean responsibilities assumed. It is the self-restraint implicit in responsibility that always determines the outcome of revolution, since self-restraint is alien to the mad emotion set free by attack upon the old order. As the French of the eighteenth century learned that the way to attain political liberty is not to annul law but to improve it, so the Russians of the twentieth century are already learning that the way to attain economic liberty is not to seize wealth but to learn the most democratic method of producing it. Both rights and responsibilities are inherent in the watch-words of the two revolutions, like the power curled within a seed. By the term *citizen* the French claimed the privilege of a democracy cruelly denied them, and at the same time assumed the duty of building a newer and better government. By the term *comrade* the Russians asserted the right of men not to kill each other; and instantly recognizing the corresponding responsibility, they laid down their arms.

But all that was in the beginning. In these days of a swift forgetting that alone can keep pace with the swiftness of events, we have forgotten that not two years ago the dreams of Russia thrilled all the world. We have forgotten that period of passionate hope, of expectancy beyond telling, —those first weeks always characteristic of all revolutions, when an ideal first flames to transcendent beauty. We watch now the days that always follow, when the ideal, having kindled unbearable emotion, mingles with the clay, and is obscured and made bloody. Yet the ideal is never destroyed. Trodden into blood-drenched soil, always in the end it brings forth fruit of progress.

We should draw hope for the future of Russia from our knowledge of the past of France. It is only six score years from her Reign of Terror to her steadfastness of to-day. True, from the beginning there was implicit in her watch-word of *citizen* an ideal of stability, of sanity. *Citizen* implies the necessity for an organized government, for a structure that must both protect and be protected. The word *citizen* recognizes sequence, the existence of a past state-edifice of which the revolutionary Frenchman aspired to be a part, as well as the desirability of a future state-edifice which he assumed the duty of building. The word *citizen* is in all aspects an intellectual concept; the word *comrade* is emotional. The term *citizen* connotes an ideal capable of immediate and practical embodiment; the word *comrade* is inchoate and remote. *Citizen* implies a sense of nationality; *comrade* implies only human brotherhood. The Frenchman of 1790 longed to be a free man in a free nation; the Russian of 1917 longed to be a kind man in a kind world.

Yet in France of the terrible nineties, as in Russia of this terrible year nineteen, the inner dream that dominated the murder and the fever was obscure to all the onlookers. They could not see what we now know, the fruitage of national growth that was explicit in that seed-word and symbol, *citizen*. We are illiterate, indeed, if we do not know that our revulsion as we gaze at the Russian Revolution is not one whit less intense than the horror and despair with which the nations once watched the convulsions of revolutionary France. Whether or not the excesses of Russia are, abstractly, worse than those of France, to contemporaries the madness of France seemed just as blind and hopeless. But past history shows us that sane countries when seeking to deal with a crazed nation will build most securely for the future if they combine with necessary repression some insight into the high hope which at the beginning inspired and in the end shall prevail. No one looking at the France of 1793 could have prophesied the France of to-day. No one looking at the Russia of to-day can prophesy the future fruitage of the Christ-word, *comrade*.

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Revolutionary Germany

I. When Eisner Was Shot

Munich, February 22

"YOU will find," said my friend, "that the Baseler Hof is the quietest hotel in the quietest street in Munich —but it is very convenient." Just at this moment, as I sit in my room in the aforesaid Baseler Hof, the machine guns in the quietest street in Munich are rumbling, and the crack of rifles is incessant. I dare not open my window to look out, for every time I have tried it someone calls out: "Head in, or I'll shoot"—and the head comes in. But I can see out of my window. The firing party is just beyond my vision, but I can see the flashes. Civilians come running by for cover. A street light shines right down upon as picturesque a group of reserve soldiery as ever a De Neufville painted. The quietest street in Munich, and not two hundred yards away men are being killed by their brothers!

The day began well. My impudence in calmly walking in and demanding a seat in the journalists' gallery of the Landtag met its just reward. A representative of the American press at this historic opening session of the first democratic Landtag in Bavaria—"Well, really, mein Herr!" The session was just about to begin, the journalists' box was already more than filled—and what papers had mein Herr with which to identify himself? "Here is my American passport, here my Paris pass as a Peace Conference correspondent, here my visiting card." "But what is there to show that you are connected with the *Nation?*" I try to explain a rather intimate connection; suddenly it is unnecessary. Something about the name on the passport attracts. Is it possible that I am my father's son? Yes, indeed. "Well then, of course," he says, "here is a ticket to the box and good luck. I used to live in the Pfalz, where your father did."

The gentlemen in charge of the box are equally amazed. A colleague from America? Well, he will have to be content with standing-room. He was well content with standing-room and in a minute was in the journalists' box directly opposite the "tribune" or dais upon which the officials sit, looking down upon the gathering representatives. The correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* kindly pointed out the various dignitaries. That Minister there on the right was a locksmith's apprentice only a little while ago. Timm, the Minister of Education, on the left, is a tailor's son and was long a public school teacher. There is Auer, the Minister about whose head the storm is raging. He is the son of a sewing-woman—and left school at eleven to be a herdsman for eleven years. Yet this is aristocratic Bavaria. Then there is Rosshaupter, Minister of Military Affairs, to whom the Independent Socialists and Bolshevists are as much opposed as to Auer; he is charged with having been too kind to the officers of the old army. Several woman delegates come in. "Think of that in Bavaria," adds my coach; "woman suffrage in hidebound, priest-ridden old Bavaria. Then there is Professor Quidde, the chief of the Bavarian pacifists, of whose efforts to stop the war you must have heard in America. Now they are all here except the President, Kurt Eisner."

A moment later a very young man as pale as a sheet walked quite feebly to the platform. "That," said the voice by my side, "is Fechenbach, Eisner's secretary. What is wrong? Something must have happened to Eisner." At that moment a soldier dashed into the journalists' box. "Kurt Eisner is murdered," he called in a voice that startled the whole house; "Kurt Eisner has been shot"; and to prove it he held up the bloody eye-glasses of the Liberator of Bavaria.

I cannot exaggerate the shock to the Landtag. Everybody cries out: "Shame!" The galleries are more excited than the Landtag. Even the journalists join in. "Adjourn, adjourn!" they cry. Then comes the news that the assassin is the young Count Arco-Valley. The temporary president calls the meeting to order, and in a cool, calm voice announces the assassination of the President, and declares the meeting adjourned for an hour. Everybody goes out. The gravity of the situation is recognized at once. Eisner had intended to resign that morning, as soon as the Landtag should be organized, from the office he had held ever since leading the revolution in November. Now the bitter hatred of him cherished by the middle classes, the aristocracy, and the officials, big and little, and carefully fanned by the capitalistic press, had vented itself. That the murderer was a count only made it worse. More than one declared that there would be bloodshed that night, and that Bolshevism would come to Bavaria. "I pity the anti-Eisner press tonight," said one. "There will not be a stone left in the building of the *Muenchener-Augsburger Zeitung.*" "You had better get away," declared my Frankfort friend to his wife; "things are likely to happen here."

Just at this point my newspaper instinct failed me. Remembering a noon engagement, I went out to telephone that I could not keep it. When I came back in five minutes the way was blocked. Journalists' passes were no longer of any avail, as others besides myself learned. We stood about disconsolate. But a representative from Vienna thought we should miss nothing and went off advising us all to stay indoors that night. "Tonight blood will flow." I was left wondering what would happen next. Only two days ago, on my arrival in Munich, I ran right into the attempt of six hundred sailors to take the city by surprise in the interest of the reaction, and saw some of the fighting around the railway station. From what I witnessed at that time it was clear enough that four years of warfare had not been without their effect in accustoming all classes to the method of attaining their ends by violence; and now, with the hero of the people shot down by a member of the hated old ruling class, I could not help asking myself what was to be the result of this dastardly crime on the relations between Bavaria's rulers and her hungry and embittered population. What next in quiet Munich?

The answer came quickly enough. An officer dashed out of the Landtag crying out, "Auer is assassinated, Auer is assassinated—and Osel!" The news spread like wildfire. What happened, my friend of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* described later. "You may thank your lucky stars that you were not there. The Landtag had hardly assembled again and listened to a couple of tributes to Eisner, including one by Auer, when a man walked in and fired point blank at Auer. An officer dashed at him but was shot down. Then they began shooting from the galleries all around us. Osel was killed outright, and a clerk as well. Auer is not dead, but wounded. We journalists crawled out of that box on our hands and knees! I have seen terrible things and wit-

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nessed two attempts to assassinate kings, but I never saw anything like the panic and terror and flight and the general promiscuous shooting." I myself could add a little to the tale, for as I stood at the door, there came out a man with staring eyes and pale face, who gathered the soldiers at the doors about him. I moved nearer to hear what he said. He kindly remarked as he saw me, "There's another chap we ought to get." Two soldiers urged me away. "Better go home. Something might happen to you here." The man walked off quietly with four soldiers. As he did so another came to me excitedly and said, "See that man? He's the fellow who just shot Auer and the others, and they are letting him run away!"

The news of Eisner's death went through the city as if on wings. The effect was instantaneous. No one needed to be told that trouble was to come. The street cars stopped running, disappearing as if by magic. The restaurants on the main streets hastily closed, and the shops one and all pulled down their heavy roll shutters. As I went out to lunch I met long processions of workmen—pale and gaunt and lean—so over-worked, starved, and hungry-looking as to move any heart. They had laid down their work and declared simultaneously without consultation a three-day general strike. To every well-dressed man they cried out, "We'll get square with the aristocrats who killed our Eisner." In less than three hours the stage was all set for civil war. It was in the air.

Proclamations came thick and fast: first one from the Council of Workmen, Soldiers, and Peasants declaring that the revolution was in danger and that a three-day strike was ordered. By four o'clock aeroplanes were flying over the city dropping proclamations: bits of white paper proclaimed that everybody must be indoors by seven o'clock; bits of blood-red paper declared a state of siege; anybody found on the street after seven o'clock would be arrested. Still another proclamation declared that anybody who stole or pillaged would be shot on sight. Troops were soon moving in every direction. There were no laggards in getting home when seven o'clock came. By seven-thirty there was firing under our windows, and now they are at it again.

There are no newspapers, the telephone has stopped, the postmen are in the strike, and the telegraph offices are closed. There were three killed and eighteen wounded in the fighting last night near us, and more elsewhere. Our street is guarded like a fortress; the machine guns that spoke last night are on guard still, but are silent. The Regina Palast Hotel across the Promenaden Platz got off pretty well, but the Bank for Industry and Commerce was well peppered, and the great plate glass windows of stores are riddled or altogether smashed. It is impossible to enter the railway station, and there are no cabs, no taxis, no cars. Everywhere are excited groups, talking over the events of the night and exchanging the latest rumors. But it seems to be true that twenty prominent men of the bourgeoisie and military have been seized as hostages. It is announced that they will be shot at once if another attempt is made upon any member of the present Government. I walked to the newspaper quarter. Every newspaper office is in the hands of troops, and publication has been forbidden. Great placards on some of the offices read: "Comrades! Don't shoot. This building is in the hands of the Councils." Most serious are the placards demanding that the bourgeoisie disarm at once under heavy penalties, and announcing that every workman who is over twenty years of age and is a member of a recognized trade union will be armed forthwith. Soldiers are raiding all the gun shops and entering private houses in search of arms. All day great wagons and trucks rumble through the quietest street in Munich bringing arms, food, cartridges, and huge bundles of straw for the soldiers to sleep on. The Landtag building is to be one of the chief fortresses. Other auto trucks, with their exhausts wide open, are patrolling the streets; machine guns are mounted upon them and the trucks are filled with soldiers wearing trench helmets.

This afternoon we were allowed to receive a newspaper edited by the combined *A. B. & S. Räthe*, as they are styled (*Arbeiter, Bauer und Soldaten*), which are now ruling Bavaria. It is a commentary upon human nature that when the reformers are in they promptly imitate some of the worst habits of the Outs. This revolutionary paper is as one-sided as the others have been, but we are promised that freedom of the press will be restored in a few days under a more or less permanent censorship "to prevent the overthrow of the revolution and to insure the spreading of truth by the capitalistic press." These Bavarians have still much to learn about real democracy, but the extreme leaders do not want real democracy; they are frankly working for the domination of the middle classes by the proletariat. This is a class war. The class which has been exploited for centuries is determined to do all the ruling for the future and is more than ready to down the middle classes and to exterminate the rich. How little did those who initiated the world war imagine that they were likewise beginning a class war whose outcome might well be the complete overthrow of the old order.

There is no doubt that Arco-Valley's shot will have many serious consequences for Bavaria. It is already plain that Kurt Eisner, who was a plain journalist little known outside his profession, will go down in Bavarian history as the Lincoln of his time, even though it is only three and one-half months since he emerged from obscurity, and with a handful of followers proclaimed the republic, thus sending the royal family scurrying away before he could even urge them to go. The spot where Eisner fell, just around the corner from the quietest street, is heaped with flowers, and there is a guard of honor, while a sign reads: "Proletarians, hats off before the blood of Kurt Eisner." All day women and children have been coming and laying little handfuls of flowers upon the sidewalk, and every man uncovers as he passes. I have seen three men roughly handled, beaten till the blood came, for having expressed pleasure at Eisner's death. What infuriates the people is the knowledge that in the clubs, at the university, and in all the well-to-do sections of the city, men and women of property are freely saying that Eisner ought to have been shot, that he was nothing but a Galician Jew anyway, and never was a Bavarian. What right had such a man to come here and upset the existing order? Such critics admit that he may have been a man of peace himself and may even have meant well, but in their opinion he released the terrible forces which are now threatening to engulf all society and destroy civilization itself. It is evident that such will never judge him aright, and that the working people will speedily build around him a tradition of growing beauty. One gets everywhere a wonderful feeling that the people on the street have lost something infinitely dear.

But the guns are going again tonight; we have just had a heavy explosion like the discharge of a mine thrower, and rifle firing is clear enough. What will the morrow bring forth?

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II. Who Shall Inherit the Power?

Munich, February 26

TODAY all the working folk of Munich have turned out to bury Kurt Eisner—and the proletariat has shown that it knows how to honor its dead. The long procession through the city, the great crowds, the masses of flowers, the aeroplanes flying overhead, the funeral music of military bands, above all the wonderful solemnity and dignity of the crowds themselves, have been profoundly impressive. There have been those who feared disturbances, and others who were certain that we should behold outbursts of rage. Nothing of the kind occurred; the city has been as safe today as any one could wish. Tonight the auto-truck patrols are more numerous than ever, but they are not needed. During the day there has been only a small proportion of policemen and soldiers in the crowds. The services at the chapel in the cemetery were without prayer or religious ceremony. Gustav Landauer, one of the Soviet leaders, pronounced the oration, and brief speeches were made by representatives of the most important delegations which had brought the great wreaths that lay in masses on the chapel floor. Then the coffin was carried to a neighboring building for cremation, and Kurt Eisner had indeed passed into history.

Is it without significance that the family and chief mourners and the chief officials of the temporary Government drove home in the royal carriages, denuded of their silver trappings and royal crests? It was Kurt Eisner himself who altered the aspect of these carriages last November, but one wonders what will happen to them and to all Bavaria now that he has gone. He wanted to lay down his office; he wanted to go back into opposition, which was his *métier*. But he was counted on to keep people from going at one another's throats, for he was a pacifist, and his own revolution was bloodless. So the question is still, what will happen to Bavaria? The first result has been the announcement that the various Socialist factions have come together. Fechenbach, Eisner's secretary, is credited with that accomplishment, and it is announced on every wall as "Kurt Eisner's legacy to Bavaria."

But there is much more to be done than that, and even when one reads that staring proclamation one wonders how long the Bolshevist lion and the moderate Socialist lamb can lie down together. For it is characteristic of the Bolshevist that he is a rampant person, aggressive to a degree, and absolutely bent on getting his own way. At the other end of the town, there are the wholly conservative elements, completely cowed, deprived of every means of self-defence, routed out of bed at all hours by searchers for arms and sometimes by plain marauders. I talk with these people, and more than ever I feel that history is repeating itself, that just as we have had a parallel with the Napoleonic Wars and are now getting a new Holy Alliance at Paris, so the aristocrats and capitalists in Munich are now realizing how the French aristocracy felt when the bottom dropped out of their world. The people who used to rule here are utterly stunned. They cannot comprehend the situation; they have no explanation as to why they are being ruled by former herdsmen and journeyman-apprentices and peasants and labor leaders. They cannot understand that there is no longer a royal court in Munich, that their army is at an end forever, and that their sons. its officers. are turned adrift in the world with three months' pay and no other profession to turn to. Their anger and sense of injustice, that these wild, hungry workmen should be the only persons armed, is equalled only by their general inability to understand the downfall of Germany. "What happened?" they ask. "We seemed to be winning the war, we *were* winning the war, and then everything seemed to go to pieces overnight." It is hard to tell them that they had to lose the war because they were eternally in the wrong, and it is still more difficult to make them see that they deserved to lose their tremendous power, their complete control of the Government. They cannot bring themselves to realize that the gaunt and violent workmen they meet on the streets are of their own creation, that if they had governed well there would be no men to look like this and talk like this, to come out suddenly into the light of revolution. Nor are the leaders happy who are now trying to form the new Government which the Landtag was to have appointed, had not the bullets of a butcher and his accomplices driven it away in fear. They believe that by taking hostages and arming the proletariat, by driving out Prince Joachim, the son of the Kaiser, as soon as they discovered that he was in Munich disguised as a simple count, and by holding the troops in line, they have prevented any further reactionary moves like the one last Wednesday that gave me my first insight into what street fighting looks like. But their real danger lies today in their own associates of the extreme left. Will they hold to the pledge to work together? Will they be content to bide their time before attempting to force a straight Soviet republic? The Catholic Church was compelled today, much against its will, to ring for an hour all the church bells in Bavaria as a requiem for the man who has just done the terrible thing of separating Church from State. Will the peasants, controlled as they are by the Church, stand for more radicalism, or have they had their fill? Above all, have the present Ministers the constructive force within themselves necessary for this great emergency? These are the questions still to be answered. Thanks to a chance friendship, I have been able to meet many of the eager spirits that are trying to build the perfect state here in Bavaria. It was the new and able Minister of War, but lately a sergeant in the old army, who brought me back from Eisner's funeral today in his automobile—I mean the late Crown Prince's superb motor. Even the War Minister is depressed tonight. Things are not going well. The death of Eisner has not cemented factions as was expected.

Friday, February 28

Fridays are dangerous days in Munich. Did I not feel quite as much of a fool as if I were personally concerned in the affair when a dozen men this afternoon rushed into the Landtag room and made everybody hold up his hands at the point of a revolver? I shall never think any motion picture "hold-up" untrue to life after this. The session today of the Councils-Congress, composed of delegates from the Soldiers', Workmen's, and Peasants' Councils through the country, which was to have yielded its revolutionary control to the dispersed Landtag, was quite exciting in itself. Suddenly from the left there burst in armed men, yelling *"Hände hoch!"* For a moment we journalists failed to take it all in, until we were covered from the dais below and told to be quick about it. Some of these invading gentry had a revolver in each hand, and as everybody recalled the tragic events in this room just a week ago there were shouts of "Don't shoot, don't shoot!" The spectators had all been

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searched for arms, but we wondered, none the less, as it soon appeared that the object of the raid was the seizure of the Bolshevist leaders, whether shots would not be fired, especially by the guard behind us. There are usually about eight guards to keep us in order, but when it occurred to me to look for them they had absolutely vanished. Dr. Levien and Kurt Mühsam, the two chief radicals, were seized at once. Levien was roughly thrown from his chair and beaten. The members of the Government present were as much in the dark as everybody else until the leaders of the party announced that the garrison of Munich, headed by my friend, the Minister of War, and by the commander of the city and the chief of police, had decided that the Councils-Congress should be no longer kept from doing its work by any group of Bolshevists. The blunder was apparent at once. It certainly ends the career of the Minister of War. Fortunately, one of the youngest leaders was quick to see that if this Congress was to survive it must at once right the wrong against its parliamentary immunity. On his motion a committee was sent to demand the return of the seized members. In half an hour they were back, with Dr. Levian there—his head bound up, one hand rather swollen cheered and applauded as he entered, even the extreme right. "But, gentlemen," he said, very earnestly, "one does not applaud a man who has just been beaten as I have been beaten. I hope we shall now go on with the order of the day." It was a magnificent exhibition of calmness and coolness. It is commonly said that he could proclaim himself dictator of Bavaria tonight if he wished.

March 1

Calling upon a young physician last night, I found Dr. Levien there—his head bound up, one hand rather swollen—and heard from his own lips what happened. They took him out into the hall, held revolvers to his breast and forehead, and told him to prepare for his end. By his coolness he probably saved his life. From others it appears that in twenty minutes he had talked his captors into lowering their weapons and that by the time he was reached by the committee from the Landtag he had been freed by his guards, whom he had so thoroughly convinced of being misled that they pointed their revolvers at their own leader. Thus this *coup d' état* came to naught.

Levien is the first real Bolshevist I have seen at close range. He is coarse, but obviously extremely able. He wears high Russian boots, and a torn and battered uniform (he served in the German army during the war), and has no income save his pay as a member of a soldiers' council. With his stained bandages he looks a pirate chief. Yet, unattractive as his personality is, his power attracts and fascinates. There was a typical young Russian woman-student literally kneeling at his feet. Levien was educated at two universities, has his Kant and Hegel at his fingers' ends, is master of three languages and three German dialects, at least, and has a splendid library (his sole possession, he says) in Switzerland, where he was studying when the war began. He knows exactly how to speak to the masses, and it is fortunate, indeed, that the young physician, who is also an old friend of Levien's, succeeded in getting him to promise not to excite the workmen. He did speak to them moderately on leaving the Landtag building in the "quietest street in Munich" yesterday. "Why do you not make yourself dictator?" one of those present asked him. "I should need four strong men to see me through," was the reply, "and they are not to be had." He put his finger on the sore spot. There are no strong men standing at the front here; that is the great difficulty. I had already come to the belief that Levien's is the strongest personality here, unpleasant as it is. He can well afford to sit back and wait. There is still no sign of any strong Government being formed, or even of a weak one, which knows just what it wants and how to get it. "If only Eisner were here," is what many are saying, except at the other end of town, where people still rejoice, quietly, that he is dead.

One thing sounds familiar to my ears—the denunciation of the press, which is called wholly unrepresentative of the plain people, and is held responsible for the murder of Eisner by its deliberate falsification of his Berne speeches. It is proposed to curb this press at once, by censorship and by establishing a state monopoly of advertising, and compelling the press to print advertising at cost, so as to remove all possibility of private profit from journalism. How similar are the problems of the several nations! When I left New York the radicals there found in the capitalistic press their real enemy. Good liberals, not extremists, in London filled my ears with indictments of the rich and powerful press of England; the same complaint, but little altered, is the special grief of the French radicals. The editors of our American dailies would do well to take note of these currents of popular feeling in Europe and elsewhere.

Dr. Muehlon, whose Krupp revelations and contributions to the history of the war are known to American readers, was asked to come here from Berne in charge of the Bavarian Foreign Office, but after talking matters over he declined. The general strike is ended, but the state of siege is not. Without a pass one cannot get out at night, and it is considered none too safe at that because of the numerous thieves and plunderers. I am often stopped and cross-questioned, but I say, "I am an American," *civis Romanus sum.* I get a military salute and the right of way at once. Being out without my pass, two nights ago, I was seized by the guard in this street on my way home. An officer came on the run. "Oh, it's that *Amerikaner,*" he said, "let him go." It is quite amazing the way people tell me all their troubles as if I were not a frank critic of their war misdeeds. But it makes one proud of being an American to hear from all sides nothing but praise of our troops, both as fair and square and brave fighting men and as the kindest and most gentlemanly of invaders. The most interesting talks I have had here have been with men on the street, particularly on those first two nights before the state of siege, when the reactionary elements had tried to capture the public buildings. Then I stayed out most of the night, wholly fascinated by the street gatherings. How these soldiers denounce their former officers! Stealing is one of the least of the offences they charge against them. It is no wonder that no officer of the old régime dares show himself upon the streets in uniform and that many have fled. The fact that Arco-Valley, Eisner's murderer, was a boy lieutenant in the war is the final straw.

I have spent this morning at the Food Bureau. If the people of the United States knew what the figures show—that there will be absolutely no food here in three months—they would denounce the blockade. The officials showed me the ration for twenty-four hours. It would not keep a chicken alive. Naturally everybody has to get more by hook or by crook. Such wan, sickly faces as one sees whenever there is a queue at a tobacco store or a butcher's or at the market! I went to early market the other morning.

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There was literally nothing to be had save roots which one would hardly feed to animals in America. It is the underpaid official and professional and clerical classes with fixed incomes that suffer most terribly. They are so weak, many of them, as to be practically useless.

But on the pillars there are placards signed by the soldiers, denouncing the extremists. Aeroplanes have been flying over the city from an army corps headquarters located in Würzburg, begging the Munich garrison to rid the country of radical pests and disturbers. There was heavy firing again last night. Whither? Whither?

III. Perplexities at Weimar

Weimar, March 5

WHY is there no longer interest in Germany in the National Constitutional Assembly? And why in Weimar itself is it sharply criticised? Primarily because it has shown itself so long-winded. The prolonged debates have too often given evidence that party spirit still survives; and the Assembly has often proceeded as if there were all the leisure necessary for discussions *ad infinitum*. There has been little to show that the members understood that Germany was on the edge of complete chaos and ruin, and that speed was essential. The result has been that the Spartacan movement has been greatly reinforced by the outspoken fault-finding of many who felt that the Assembly should have shown prompt results. Some of these complaints are not well founded. Rome was not built in a day, and what is left of the German Empire cannot be constituted anew in a couple of weeks, particularly when the long-drawn-out negotiations in Paris leave the whole German people in the position of a criminal waiting for sentence. Many of the complainants are angry merely because the Convention did not at once proclaim a Soviet republic; nothing else would have satisfied them. Others are indignant that the process of socializing all German industries has not already been carried out—as if this were possible.

None the less, there has been just ground for criticism, both of the Ebert-Scheidemann Government and of the Constitutional Assembly. The faults of the one are largely the faults of the other. In the first place, the Assembly is composed largely of old men or of men who were more or less closely connected with the old régime. While there are, of course, new men, and the Assembly as a whole is as representative in its make-up as any one could wish—there are peasants and workingmen of all kinds, as well as counts, ex-officials, professors, writers, and editors galore—the *Journal de Genève* is not far wrong when it describes this Assembly as "a sister of the defunct Reichstag." It is a great pity that the leadership could not at once have gone to men of an entirely new type, men who, like Dr. Muehlon, were entirely opposed to the old Government. It is not fair to say of Ebert, as the Geneva paper does, that he is using precisely the language of Wilhelm; yet it is undeniable that the presence here of men like Dr. David, of Count Posadowsky-Wehner, of the notorious Dr. Dernburg, and of many others of the old school gives ground for popular uneasiness. My journeyings thus far have given me the impression that the truth about the war and the responsibility of its authors is much better understood among the returning German soldiers and the "plain people" than among the wealthy and the well educated, who ought to know better but who are too set in their opinions or still too illinformed. There is much truth on the side of those who say that radicalism (not Bolshevism) has swept over Germany so fast that the political waters have rushed by and gone far beyond this Weimar Parliament.

Certainly the Assembly makes no great impression of vigor and force upon the casual observer. It was to have adjourned last week, for a month or so, in order to let the Constitutional Committee work out the Constitution, but it is holding brief daily sessions out of fear, some say, lest an adjournment at this critical time of general strikes be misconstrued. A pleasant feature is the daily questioning of the Government, as if it were a permanent legislative body and not a temporary one. This custom has already brought out, among other things, some extremely interesting facts about the reasons for the German move for an armistice, and has fixed upon Hindenburg and Ludendorff the burden of asking it. An attack upon the Government for its alleged failure to act with sufficient vigor in the matter of the fresh Polish outrages on the frontier, despite the recent Allied drawing off of both parties to fixed lines, gave Erzberger an opportunity to answer effectively and vigorously, and to add a biting truth, that if the Germans had but treated Poland better when she was in their grasp there would be neither so keen a desire for revenge nor so much anti-German bitterness. It was curious to hear the old stories of terrible outrages upon women and children, bobbing up again upon this side of the line from this new field of war. The enemy always makes it his special business to outrage women and butcher children—no matter who the enemy is.

One action of the Assembly has pleased many and yet I am glad to be able to report that several persons whom I have met regard it as a great mistake. I refer to the vote to raise at once an army of about 190,000 men to be composed largely of the volunteers who have been acting at various places, notably Berlin. It is a temporary measure, and its execution is subject not only to further consideration by the Ebert Government and the Parliament within a couple of years, but also to revision by the Allies in the peace terms. Those who support this measure point to the presence of some thirty or forty thousand troops of various kinds in Berlin today, defending it from the attacks of the Spartacans and the plunderers who are taking advantage of the general strike to rob and murder, as proof that a strong force is needed to keep order during this trying time of readjustment. The opposition believes that in a force as large as this lies the germ of a new and dangerous militarism, and they point to the speeches of Noske, the Minister of War, as proof that the old spirit of militarism is abroad in the land. Both are right. German men are now so accustomed to killing that it seems to many the desirable way to settle disputes. They have become hardened to bloodshed—indeed nothing impressed me more in Munich than the quiet way in which the people took the killings that went on while I was there.

For the present, accordingly, a very strong police force is desirable—but not an army. If Noske arms troops, not for the purpose of restoring order but to intrench the present Government, there can be only one outcome. It is not a pleasant spectacle that we have here at Weimar—a supposedly democratic Constitutional Assembly meeting in a town garrisoned by hundreds of troops brought here from Berlin together with many Berlin policemen. The town is

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so closely guarded that you cannot enter it without showing a permit—indeed you cannot buy a ticket for Weimar at any town without showing an official *laissez-passer*. Naturally, the Independent Socialists and Spartacans have made the most of this state of affairs by asserting that it is in itself a confession that the Assembly and the Government would fall of their own weight if troops were withdrawn.

But one thing the debates have brought out, and that is that nobody here desires the return of the old military system—and particularly that of universal military service. This they are quite willing to leave to America, though they cannot see why America should be so foolish as to wish to take it up. If the Allies are really going to insist upon the complete wiping out of the German fleet and the limiting of the army to a police force, there will be a hearty amen from nearly the entire German people. The veterans will never stand for the old order, and it is even specified in the new act that the troops shall elect their own officers, which shows clearly how complete is the break with the old order of things. Even here, where there are the best-looking troops that I have seen, where the officers wear swords and have some of the old smartness to their get-up, the soldiers rarely salute them.

If there has been no sign in Weimar of any big new men coming to the front, there are some new issues. I refer particularly to the proposal of Minister Preuss, who drew up the provisional Constitution, that Prussia shall be cut up into several small republics. The Assembly is in fact facing some State-rights problems not unlike those which made the beginnings of our American Government so difficult. Herr Preuss is a theorist, a university professor far too remote in his thought from the actualities, so that he has drawn a scholarly proposal which looks well upon paper, but pays little regard to existing political conditions, traditions, and jealousies. If there is a natural wish on the part of the smaller states to see to it that Prussia shall not have the dominating influence which it wielded during the old régime, it is on the other hand going quite too far to throw away all of the Prussian tradition, which certainly had some value, even where there was so much that was bad and mistaken. Germany will unquestionably be much weakened if she re-forms herself into a number of small states and increases the administrative machinery and the bureaucracy. Over-administered she has always been; there is probably no other nation where the class of civil servants is so large. What Germany needs is real union, but it is one of the evil results of the war that old antagonisms like that of Prussia and Bavaria have broken out again.

This, I am solemnly told by some, is due entirely to Entente intrigue and money, and to the republican movement furthered, by Americans particularly, from Switzerland. Of course, there are other and far more weighty reasons; the antagonism is historic. All through these last two weeks there has been visible in Munich much nervousness lest the Prussians try to intervene, and notice was solemnly served by the Soviet, or rather by the ruling powers of the moment, that any move to intervene on the part of the Ebert Government would be bitterly resisted. On the other hand, the Federal Minister of Justice, Wolfgang Heine, in discussing the proposal to break up Prussia, rightly declared that any serious dividing of Prussia would weaken the whole nation. The jealousy of Berlin is noticeable in the proposal to make of the capital a separate state, which would put a heavy financial burden upon the rural sections of Prussia, which now profit by the large taxes of Berlin. But it is singular that a proposal which has so often been mooted in New York, when it has seemed so hard to reconcile the differences of city and State, should find its echo here. Alas, the difficulty of reconciling city and country dwellers is adding another to the already almost unbearable burdens which the collapse of Germany has fastened upon its people, as a punishment for years of servility, blindness, and worship of false gods.

To return to the Constitutional Assembly, however, what one Minister has said to me here is perhaps true. It would possibly have been better not to try to frame an entirely new Constitution in these terrible times, but instead to alter the old one just enough to make it conform in important points to the new demands, and then to go ahead with the election of a new Reichstag and tackle immediately some of the problems of socialization and reform. For an outsider it is hard to judge. What has been done here has not been adequately set before the people, however, or it would not have been necessary for the Ebert Government hastily to placard the whole country with big signs reading, "Die Socializierung ist da!" and then describing the agreement to socialize at once all the mines. The Ebert Government gets on as well as it does because the opposition parties, except the Independent Socialists, have no programme to offer, and not one of them has any better men to put forward. But before these lines appear in print there may be events to undo all the work of the Weimar Assembly. That depends in part upon the Allies; here the situation may be helped a little by the announcement that the Workmen's, Soldiers', and Peasants' Council will be embodied in the new Constitution—a long step toward the Russian Soviet system.

IV. Civil War in Berlin

Berlin, March 13

HOW does it seem to be in a great city with a general strike and civil war going on? If you had landed at the Potsdamer Bahnhof in Berlin any day this week your first impression would have been that some holiday was being observed. There were enormous crowds on the streets because the underground and surface cars were not running. It was, therefore, the opportunity of the fakirs and street vendors, of whom there are more than ever here because many discharged soldiers find this the quickest way to begin making money. The presence of every kind of vehicle that can be put into service as a jitney adds to the holiday aspect. The only dissenting notes are struck by the little patrols of soldiers, wearing their trench helmets, passing from time to time, and the auto-trucks with machine guns prepared for service, the crews ready for instant action. These trucks, familiar in Munich, are here varied by an occasional armored car with startling skull and bones painted upon it. As the week has progressed, these patrols have been even more ready for service, particularly the crews of ordinary motor cars. The rebels captured and murdered the military passengers in two cars without giving them a moment to recover from the surprise of the attack upon them.

Noske, the Minister of Defence, who is apparently the one forceful—brutally forceful—member of the Ebert Cabinet, has proclaimed that any insurgent caught with arms in his hands will be shot at once, and already there are reports of

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many such executions. Noske's excuse for this rests on the stories which emanate from Government sources of the brutalities and wholesale murders of the Spartacans. Some of these, like the account of the shooting in cold blood of sixty-two occupants of the Lichtenberg police station, are already becoming dubious. It will be as impossible to certify who began these outrages as it was to run down most of the stories of war outrages. The Spartacans declare that Noske invented these stories of massacres to excuse his resorting to "the white terror." The Spartacans moreover deny that their name should apply at all to the forces which are doing the fighting. They declare in their newspapers—which Herr Noske has suppressed for a few days—that they are opposed to bloodshed, and that the fighting is being done by disorderly elements and unemployed soldiers and sailors for whom they are not responsible. To this the Government newspapers make the effective answer that if that is the case the Independent Socialists and Spartacans are morally guilty in not denouncing the resort to arms more effectively and in attacking Noske every time he makes one of his bloodthirsty speeches at Weimar. Noske desires, quite openly, to be as thorough in his work of cleaning up Berlin as were the Germans at Louvain; they were certain that if they only burnt enough of that city and killed enough of its citizens there would be no further trouble in Belgium, and that the Belgians would love them for their thoroughness and efficiency. He proposes to cut out root and branch all armed opposition to the Government, and to spare no one. He is upheld by most people who believe that if Berlin does not have the "white terror" now it will inevitably get the "red terror" of Lenine and Trotzky later.

How this policy will succeed remains to be seen. At this end of town it is hard, indeed, to realize that the bloody work is going on every day and that hundreds are being killed, wounded, and captured. Not a sound of the firing is to be heard here in the Potsdamer Platz, although they have used heavy guns and *Minenwerfer* on both sides. It is as it would be if there were fighting in the Bronx; life in lower New York would be going on much the same save that in the newspapers there would be much fuller and better accounts of what is happening than we are allowed to get here. From the vagueness of the reports the battle might be back at Ypres. But when one goes over to the Lichtenberg district, there are enough sights and signs of war to please anybody. Just before I left New York, I heard an American woman bemoaning the fact that the armistice had come so soon before more German women and children had been killed. If this good, kindly Christian had been with me last Sunday morning I think that her desire would have been quite satisfied in the region around the Alexanderplatz. There she would have learned that many of the victims have been women and children. It is surprising to see other women and children walking about quite freely in the zone in which the troops are operating. Yesterday a shell exploded by accident in a group of some thirty persons who at a corner were watching the shells that flew past them toward a barricade a couple of blocks beyond. That shell sent some thirty to the hospital, while an airman killed and wounded fifty by dropping a bomb upon a group which he doubtless supposed to be made up of soldiers, but which consisted of spectators in front of a wrecked house. The curiosity of the children is not to be balked. Just after we passed a corner a gentleman insurgent leaned out of a window and took a shot at a sentry in the middle of the street. We all went back to observe the remainder of the proceedings and three little tots were quite upset when told by the grown-ups to go home. Shots cracked around one all the time, yet the streets were full of people, and nobody seemed to be hit while we were there. Those of us who were not inhabitants of these districts naturally jumped a little at first, but it was speedily plain that this was not at all *comme il faut*. You are only supposed to look back without stopping to observe; it is also distinctly bad form to cast a careful eye up at the roofs in search of snipers.

The truth is that these people are so deadened to killing by four years of war, and so enervated by starvation and long-drawn-out undernourishment, that most of them have lost the capacity to feel very deeply. They have a helpless, fatalistic air. They say it is *schrecklich* and *entsetzlich*, and then go their way. It is dreadful, it is almost terrifying to see the ruin of this part of the city—the wrecked houses, the gaping windows, the great department stores from which millions of Marks' worth of goods have been plundered, and the shell scars everywhere. After ten days of fighting the Government troops have not yet got the upper hand. It is another fearful indictment of human society that it has so administered its great cities everywhere that there are great bodies of underfed, underpaid, suffering, and brutalized men and women who think that the only way to better their lot is by committing crimes and killing hundreds of their fellows. Taking the Spartacans at their word, it is the evil underworld that is doing the murdering. But whose fault is it that there is a criminal underworld? Can the disease be cured by Noske's methods? The general strike is over, but already it is announced that there will be a worse one by March 26 that will cover all Germany. One feels that this thing can go on indefinitely, despite Noske. Certainly there is no more difficult and trying kind of fighting than this hand-to-hand work in a great city where your enemy escapes over the roof while you are coming up the first flight. Already the damage in this outbreak is estimated at 40,000,000 Marks in addition to the January losses, and after one has seen this quarter, this amount does not seem an overestimate. This is a nice sum for an already overburdened municipality to pay.

It is the same condition of nervous exhaustion and of endless waiting for the worst to happen which also explains the extraordinary phenomenon that all Berlin has been dancing mad. There is a cartoon upon the hoardings and advertisement pillars representing a woman dancing with a skeleton, and underneath is the legend: "Berlin, do you not see that it is Death that is your partner?" But there is nothing more natural than that men who have been for four years deprived of all rational enjoyments should be turning to them frantically. The concerts are crowded; one has to buy tickets at least a week in advance, and the same is true of the theatres. Men say to me frankly that they do not know where it is all to end or what is to happen to them and their families, whether there will not soon be anarchy, and whether they will be allowed to have any money two years hence. Having just come back out of the jaws of death, they propose to enjoy themselves till the crash comes. I am inclined to think that nature knows what she is about, and that Noske does not in forbidding dancing until further notice. Were I in his boots I should be asking myself whether with that outlet for the desire for innocent amusement closed those who are excluded from the dancing halls will not find much worse things to do and whether a great

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deal more blood will not flow in consequence. It is undeniable, of course, that there has been a great moral relaxation in Germany. From the land of the best order, it has become one of the most lawless. That is the natural result of war and also the natural reaction from a state of affairs in which every citizen was regulated to the last degree by officialdom with its endless signs, *Es ist verboten.* I am told that during the war the various Government bureaus issued thirty thousand orders or new regulations, violations of which were punishable by fine and imprisonment. There were so many that the attempt speedily broke down, for nobody could possibly keep himself informed as to what he could or could not do. Now the reaction is emphasized by the new-found freedom of the revolution.

So Berlin wears a singularly unkempt air. The public buildings and walls are covered with bills and proclamations, appeals to the electorate, and warnings against Bolshevism. The neatest city in the world has dirty streets, many of which, like those of New York, are torn up because of new underground railways. The people look neat but seedy; no one may buy a dress who has more than two dresses already. German women have always dressed badly, and the effect is heightened by the wearing of old clothes. One of the greatest causes of suffering is the lack of soap, which makes it impossible to keep clean, and compels the wearing of linen much longer than usual. People are obliged to wash the children with potash water, and their skins suffer—but the Allies apparently think that giving the Germans soap and letting the German shipping fleet put to sea will adversely affect the settlement, or the League of Nations, or the boundaries of Jerusalem, or prevent their taking the place of the Lord as the dispenser of vengeance. This lack of cleanliness the German women feel keenly, for whatever their faults they were a clean people. More than that, the inability of the poor to purchase underwear results in a sad state of affairs for the children, as I was informed at a crêche. The worst sufferers are by no means the laboring classes, but what is known as the middle class, which comprises the great group of small officials, and Germany is the land of small officials. I have talked with a number who described to me their utterly desperate conditions—some of them get much less than a tram driver, who today receives in Berlin more pay than a captain in the army. Every one of these men shows a loss in weight and admits what the superiors say, that there is a marked loss in their mental efficiency and alertness. A typist in the Dresden Foreign Office told me she was appalled at her own inability to do a day's work, and a distinguished Berlin physician, who not only used to work all day at the curing of nervous disease but also devoted his evenings to research, tells me that he has to rest for two hours every afternoon and that he cannot even read at night because of exhaustion. He attributes much of the rioting to purely nervous reasons and says that he prophesied during the war that the worst effects from the strain of being under fire would come after the men went home. The soldiers find it hard, indeed, to get down to work when they can find it. They like the few Marks a day paid to the unemployed, and from idlenesss drift into insurgency. Most of the soldiers whom one sees never got to the front, but are callow youths, pale and weak, who can scarcely carry a pack. The men from the front feel the shortness of food more than anybody else, because they were well fed in the army until the collapse began about July last, and they simply cannot live on the prescribed rations.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

California Irredenta

By ROBERT L. DUFFUS

AMERICA went to the Peace Conference with two exceptions to that rule of political democracy which her spokesmen represented her as desiring to apply universally. These are her exclusion of the Negroes of the South and the Oriental population of the West from the rights of citizenship, the first by a tacit toleration by the Federal Government of the unconstitutional acts of State Governments, the second by direct Federal legislation. It may be impossible, or at least impolitic, for the Federal Government to interfere to secure the free use of the franchise and its accompanying rights for the Southern Negroes. The treatment of the corporal's guard of Orientals (135,000, at most) legitimately resident in the United States is a much simpler matter. With them a discussion of the race question as related to an immediately important national policy may well concern itself.

As there are about 60,000 Japanese in California, out of perhaps 70,000 in the United States, and about 20,000 Chinese, out of 60,000 in the United States, an examination of the situation may well be localized in California without fear that its results will not be significant. Such an examination, to be of use, must indicate, not whether abstract political rights are being violated (for our national Government intends that), but, whether and to what extent the violation places the victims under an economic and social disability.

Except in this one respect the problems of the two races are almost wholly different. It has been more than a generation since the immigration of Chinese laborers was stopped and the agitation against them passed into tradition. No one on the Pacific Coast now thinks of a Chinese problem, unless the question may be said to have been reopened by the proposals of certain enthusiasts last year to remedy the shortage of agricultural labor (and possibly also the prevailing high wages) by the importation of coolies. As these proposals did not pass beyond the oratorical or journalistic stage, they do not enter into a practical discussion. Yet the war shortage of labor brought its prosperity to the Chinese as to other working people. Before the war the Chinese agricultural laborer received about thirty-five dollars a month, in addition to his board and lodging; now he receives sixty dollars, an amount equal to that paid to members of other races engaged in similar work. Wages in some instances run as high as four dollars a day, or about twice what was paid before the war. A decade ago Chinese cooks could be obtained for between thirty and forty dollars a month; now they demand and receive from one hundred to one hundred and twenty dollars. A few highly skilled Chinese are said to rival the war-time shipyard crews, during a short and intense season in the broom-corn harvest, by earning from fifteen to sixteen dollars a day. As the editor of a Chinatown newspaper expressed it, the Chinese have become so scarce as to be a luxury. No question of economic competition with white workingmen is now raised, therefore, and none will ever be raised again unless the immigration bars are let down.

The grievances of the Chinese are primarily political. The fundamental one is that they are in the power of officials representing a Government in which the Chinese have no voice. The exclusion acts have been interpreted

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much as a district attorney in a criminal case interprets the penal codes. Arbitrary deportations, long detentions in jail or at immigration stations, and callous disregard of such few rights as the resident Chinese possess have been habitual. The Chinese Six Companies recently protested to President Wilson against some flagrant abuses, but the attitude of the Chinese is, on the whole, one of hopeless resignation. They are caught in a situation from which there is no escape without a fundamental change in their relation to the Government under which they live. Without the franchise they neither expect nor receive the protection accorded members of other races legally resident in the United States. And they do not expect the franchise. Yet this measure of justice would affect the American body politic in astonishingly slight degree. Even in San Francisco the voting power of a community of seven thousand Chinese would be lost among that of five hundred thousand Occidentals. There is no magic of race which makes it good statesmanship to let the houses of ill-fame be represented, while the homes of Chinatown have no voice.

The problem of the Japanese differs from that of the Chinese in that they are younger, are newer to the country, are still regarded with apprehension by white workingmen and farmers, are more aggressive, adaptable, and business-like, and accept less philosophically the denial of rights and privileges freely accorded other aliens. Moreover, they have yet to find a stable footing in the economic structure. In the six years since their natural economic development was checked by the California alien land law they have not been able to adjust themselves. This law, it will be remembered, took advantage of the Federal statute denying naturalization to Orientals to exclude the Japanese from owning land or from leasing land for a period longer than three years; it condemned the Japanese to a choice between being migratory workers and helpless tenants, and it made inevitable the continued existence of the race in this country, not as a digested portion of the community, but as an encysted alien group within it.

Nevertheless, the Japanese have continued to make economic and social progress within the limits fixed by law. A résumé of their history in California will indicate its direction. The Japanese first appeared in considerable numbers in the late eighties and early nineties. The so-called "gentlemen's agreement" went into effect in 1908, and since that time emigration and immigration have about balanced. The chief sources of whatever increase there is at present are "picture brides" and children, and the increase from these causes is slow. The Japanese are no more prolific than any other race occupying a similar economic position, and perhaps not so much so as were the Puritan pioneers of New England. The outcry against the Japanese reached its height after, not before, the gentlemen's agreement went into effect, and was to a great extent artificially stimulated. The basis for it, as seen in perspective, was trivial. In 1913, when the alien land law was passed, the Japanese in the State numbered about 50,000 out of a total population of 2,500,000; and owned 32,000, and tilled 281,687, acres out of a total cultivated acreage of nearly 28,000,000. In short, had worst come to worst and the Japanese gained possession of all the land they tilled they would have held slightly more than one per cent. of the cultivated land of the State. Much of this land, moreover, had not been used at all, or had been only partially used, prior to the coming of the Japanese, for the newcomers have perceptibly extended the margin of cultivation. It is no exaggeration to say that the problem of the ownership of this one per cent. of the State's cultivated area was of no importance whatever when compared with the problems created by the large tracts of unused lands held for speculative purposes which then existed, and still exist, in California.

The effect of the law has not been to diminish the total area worked by Japanese; on the contrary, according to the estimates of the Japanese Agricultural Association, this area has increased to 339,800 acres in 1917 and to 391,683 acres in 1918. The total value of the crops raised by Japanese reached $42,000,000, according to the same authority, in 1917, and amounted to more than $53,000,000 in 1918. The enterprises in which the Japanese are most successful, and the degree of their success, are indicated in the following table, taken from the report of the association for 1918:

Product	*Acreage*	*Yield Per Acre*	*Total Yield*
Grapes	47,439	$150	$7,115,850
Berries	5,968	700	3,580,600
Fruits	29,210	150	7,381,500
Greens	17,852	300	5,355,600
Potatoes	18,870	135	2,542,050
Onions	9,251	250	2,312,750
Asparagus	9,927	150	1,489,050
Tomatoes	10,316	160	1,698,560
Celery	3,568	300	1,070,400
Cantaloupes	9,581	250	2,395,250
Beans	77,107	70	5,397,490
Rice	16,640	160	2,662,400
Seeds	15,847	160	2,535,520
Sugar beets	51,694	70	3,612,280
Hay and cereals	15,753	50	787,650
Corn	7,845	60	470,700
Hops	1,260	180	326,800
Ornamental flowers and plants	293	....	450,000
Cotton	18,000	100	1,800,000
Miscellaneous	5,084	....	491,070
Total	391,683	*$188	$53,365,320

The Japanese now raise, according to the Agricultural Association, 90 per cent. of the celery crop of the State, 89 per cent. of the berry crop, 83 per cent. of the asparagus, 82 per cent. of the cantaloupes, 81 per cent. of the onions, 80 per cent. of the tomatoes, 71 per cent. of the florists' products, 51 per cent. of the seed crop, 42 per cent. of the sugar beets, 40 per cent. of the mixed vegetables, and from 12 to 30 per cent. of the fruits, cotton, beans, potatoes, rice, and grapes. As much of the work involved is of the intensive sort ordinarily avoided by white laborers and farmers, and as much of the land has been reclaimed from desert or swamp, the economic contribution is considerable.

As the Japanese have made their way as tenants and lessees the padrone, or gang, system has been largely done away with. It still survives in a comparatively few instances in the vineyards around Fresno, in the sugar-beet ranches of the Salinas valley, and possibly elsewhere. In most cases the former Japanese laborers have forsaken wage labor for a system under which their rewards depend, or seem to depend, more largely on their own skill and perseverance. Small farms, operated mainly or wholly by the lessees, have multiplied. But as these farms could not be

*Average

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owned, or leased for more than three years, the tenants have been at the mercy of the owner. Strawberry plants have a life of four or five years; if the lessee cannot be sure of a tenancy of more than three years he assumes a heavy risk. Tomatoes, cantaloupes, and rice cannot be profitably cultivated on the same land for more than three years at a stretch. Some system of crop rotation, therefore, becomes necessary, but under the leasing system the tenant has no inducement to undertake it. Nor does the leasing system give the tenant any opportunity to secure a settled home for his family. All the evils of white tenant farming are reproduced in Japanese tenant farming. The exhaustion of the soil is the least of its disadvantages.

If the Japanese were compelled to deal only with individual American owners of land their lot might be mitigated by the occasional benevolence or foresight of individuals. But there are already signs of the rise of a combination which will exploit their helpless condition to the utmost. The fruit and vegetable canners of California have recently organized for mutual benefit, and one of the products of their organization is an increasing control of land leased to Japanese. Nor is this all. The canners' association is also beginning to furnish capital, in the form of seeds, stock, and tools, to prospective farmers, and to buy their product. The result is that it is within the association's power to reduce the tenant farmers to a state resembling peonage. Many of the Japanese, ignorant of American ways and language, are obliged to take the statements and transactions of middlemen on trust—a situation which, to say the least, puts a heavy strain on the integrity of the latter.

The alien land law was passed because it was thought that the Japanese were cutting down the American standard of living. Its effect, and its only effect, has been to hinder the Japanese in rising to a scale of living and income in which they will be no longer a menace to American standards. Instead of eliminating competition, the law has tended to intensify it. If the wages of Japanese have advanced (they are at present between $3.75 and $4 a day), if the standards of comfort and cleanliness among them have rapidly improved, if they have shown a disposition to organize and a desire to coöperate with white farmers and workingmen in bettering conditions, it is not the result of American foresight.

A resolution adopted at the convention of the Japanese agriculturists at Sacramento last September expressed the hope "that the Alien Land Law may be revised and modified," but though it was received without unfriendly criticism by the non-Japanese public, it has led to no practical proposals. This may be because of a realization that the basic discrimination lies in the Federal laws which withhold citizenship from Japanese and Chinese. The Alien Land Law applies only to aliens who cannot be naturalized. Were the naturalization laws amended to permit the naturalization of such Chinese and Japanese as are legitimately resident in the United States, every alien land law would lapse and under the terms of the Fourteenth Amendment could not be renewed. Such an act would probably not meet with violent protest from California. It certainly would not if it were accompanied by an assurance that the reform involved no change in the totally different policy of discouraging the immigration of low-standard Oriental labor.

The Japanese Agricultural Association is conducting a series of lectures this winter to explain to the Japanese farmers: "the significance of the great war, and its influence upon the national ideals of America"; "the new movement started by the American Government and the American leaders of thought for the Americanization of the aliens residing in this country"; "the necessity and wisdom, on the part of the Japanese farmers, of acting in harmony with American farmers in all their activities, especially with regard to economic matters"; "the necessity of organizing or strengthening growers' associations in coöperation with American farmers, with a view to maintaining uniform standards of price for farm produce"; and "farm management and sanitation." But an "Americanization campaign" labors under a severe handicap if the people to whom it is addressed are restrained by law from becoming either citizens or freeholders in America.

Foreign Correspondence

In the King's Robing-Room

London, March 20

AT the southern end of the Royal Palace of Westminster —commonly known as the Houses of Parliament—is a lofty and stately chamber, richly decorated with frescoes and panels representing the legend of King Arthur. The very fireplace is flanked by the lion and unicorn in brass, and surmounted by the crown. It is in this noble room that the King, at the assembling of a new Parliament, is solemnly invested with his robes of state before he proceeds to the opening ceremony. During the last few days the King's Robing-Room has been put to a strange use that would have sadly shocked the aristocracy of a former generation but that might have tickled the grim fancy of the author of "Sartor Resartus." There has been meeting here a commission appointed to investigate the conditions that have led to the crisis in the coal-mining industry.

Pomp and circumstance have been entirely lacking. Except that their seats are arranged in horseshoe fashion, the commission might easily have been taken for the board of directors of a rubber company anywhere in the city. The chairman, Sir John Sankey, although a Judge of the High Court and appointed in that capacity, wears neither wig nor gown. The only variation from ordinary morning costume is the evening dress of the butler who brings in tea at half-past four. One evening the chairman, at the request of a member, even gave his colleagues permission to smoke.

As they sit there—six on one side facing six on the other, with the chairman poised impartially at the centre of the curve—one thinks of two contending armies, in the old style of warfare, confronted in battle array. For these men are really the champions of the two great forces whose antagonism is today threatening the peace of the nation. The lists are here set in the struggle between capital and labor. On the one side are the six representatives of the business interests of the country—colliery proprietors, steel manufacturers, and shipowners. Opposite them sit three officials of the Miners' Federation and three members of the *intelligentsia* of the Labor party—Sidney Webb, the economist and statistician; R. H. Tawney, the Fellow of Balliol who has been one of the most active lecturers of the Workers' Educational Association; and Sir Leo Chiozza Money, recently Parliamentary Secre-

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tary of the Ministry of Shipping and now one of the most zealous advocates of the labor cause. The personality that arouses most curiosity and interest is that of the miners' own leader. "Which is Smillie?" is the question put to the door-keeper more frequently than any other. The dialogue between commissioners and witnesses is intently followed by two audiences. One is the little crowd, not more than two hundred persons in all, of mine-owners, trade-union officials, and the miscellaneous public, who occupy the rows of plain benches or stand on the fringe. The other is composed of the millions of citizens who study the record of the day's examination as it is set before them the next morning in the papers.

This inquiry differs from the normal Royal Commission not only in the speed of its proceedings but in the extent of its powers. The witnesses give their evidence on oath, and they may be compelled, under grievous pains and penalties, to produce any documents that may be called for. This requirement in itself advances the controversy to a new stage. "The facts," as the *Daily News* says, "were somewhere. From different quarters all of them might have been produced. But the side that wanted to produce them had not enough of them, and the side that had enough did not want to produce them." Now, at last, every relevant item may be dragged into the light. And, in spite of the informality of the proceedings, the dominant impression is not of a hearing before a commission, but of a law trial in a court, and a criminal trial at that. The mine-owners are defending their case before a grand inquisition. "More than once," comments one observer, "I have been reminded of reports of the proceedings of revolutionary tribunals in France or Russia." And this in the King's Robing-Room! For more than one witness it has obviously been a painful ordeal. As somebody suggests, there can be no doubt as to what is the most unpleasant task in England today. It is not hewing coal, or even living in a miner's cottage. It is appearing as an expert witness before the Coal Commission. You see the witness take his seat with an air of easy nonchalance. He replies to the first few questions with the air almost of a superior person, who is about to enlighten the ignorance of an infant class. He produces his figures with confident assurance, and, if the occasion seems opportune, draws the moral from them in some sententious economic platitude—or fallacy. But presently Robert Smillie, the calmest and apparently most harmless man in the room, takes him in hand. "Are you aware?" or "Would it surprise you to know?" is the prelude to a searching question which knocks over his statistics and maxims like a house of cards. Or, perhaps, it is Sidney Webb or R. H. Tawney who gently leads the victim into one damaging admission after another. By the time it is all over it would be dangerous to offer the witness congratulations on his evidence. He would think you were sarcastic.

The very first day of the Commission's sitting brought out revelations that startled the public mind. The financial adviser to the Coal Controller showed that in June, 1918, 2s. 6d. a ton was added by the Controller to the price of coal in order to help collieries that were working at a loss. When he made this advance, he knew nothing of the position for the first quarter of the year. "The effect of that," commented Sidney Web, "was that consumers, in the aggregate, had to pay £25,000,000, out of which the Coal Controller got £10,000,000 nd the Exchequer £10,000,000, leaving £5,000,000 in the hands of people who were already doing so well that they had to pay excess profits. You were actually putting money into the pockets of those who did not need it. The wealthiest of the coal-owners were given £5,000,000 because you wanted the poorer of the mines to become a little more solvent." It came out later that the extent of the profits of many colliery companies had been obscured by the capitalization of reserves or other readjustments of capital. The most successful companies were able by these methods and by dividends which were in reality much larger than they appeared to return to their shareholders every few years the whole of the share capital originally subscribed by them, while the undistributed reserves are still so considerable that the present market value of the shares is several times their nominal value. For the ten years ending with 1918, a South Wales company had paid dividends equivalent to about 243 per cent. on the increased capital, or over 300 per cent. on the actual capital. From figures like these it was natural for the advocates of nationalization to argue that such concerns, if nationalized, could easily afford both to improve labor conditions and to supply the community with cheaper coal.

One of the most prominent features of the inquiry has been the attention paid to the human side of the problem. The Arthurian pictures in the King's Robing-Room bear the titles "Hospitality," "Courtesy," "Mercy," "Generosity," and "Religion"; and the claims of these virtues were not suffered to be forgotten. Again and again Robert Smillie compelled an unwilling mine-owners' representative to speak on such matters as the present housing conditions, with their appalling consequences to the health of the men and their families. A Scottish coal-owner had to admit that one of his companies, whose ordinary shareholders had received dividends of 197½ per cent. in ten years, had over a hundred houses with only one room. His excuse was that it was impossible to build new houses while the war was on. When the subject of baths was introduced, and it was alleged that the miners would not use them when they were provided, a miners' leader from South Wales gave an answer which made something of a sensation. For twelve years, he said, he was himself working in the mines, and when he came home from work in those hard days he was often so tired out that he just fell asleep on the hearth, too exhausted to wash his soiled body. And so the inquiry laid bare one sore place after another in the existing system. The King's Robing-Room, indeed! This was not the investiture of royalty. It was the stripping off of rag after rag of the meretricious raiment by which the nation covers up its shame. "Thou sayest, I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked."

Whatever may be the report of the Commission, the method of this special tribunal has proved its value. We find even a Tory paper like the *Pall Mall Gazette* demanding that a similar test be applied "to every trade whose profits have affected the cost of living and exasperated the labor engaged in it." Railways, shipping, the textile trades, the boot and shoe industry—let all these be brought to trial and their books opened. The Agricultural Laborers' Union is asking that its own grievances be dealt with in the same fashion. If landlords, farmers, provision merchants, and all the other trades concerned in the supply and distribution of food were compelled to declare and justify their gains, we should indeed have some piquant and wholesome revelations.

HERBERT W. HORWILL

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The Crisis at Paris

(By Cable to the *Nation*)

Paris, April 3

THE alarming situation of the Peace Conference has grown no better, but rather worse, during the week ending April 5, chiefly because of the news from Germany, which indicates that the Ebert Government is in a highly dangerous position, as the fresh outbreaks scheduled when I was in Berlin for March 26 are just a week behind time. The threatening possibility of a Soviet republic in Germany thus arises. A question put to one of our highest officials this morning as to what the Conference would do if it found itself in the position of having to deal with a Soviet Germany or a league of Soviet nations merely brought the response that the question of policy in such an emergency had not been considered. There has been no visible gain as yet in cutting the Peace Conference down to four men except that it has intensified the secrecy. It can positively be stated that the other American and English officials are in total ignorance of what the Big Four are doing. Of course this has destroyed the last vestige of the old fiction that this was a democratic gathering interested in making democracy safe. It would be only just to have the whole thing break down because of this treachery to the peoples of the world. Yet when one thinks of the bitter disillusionment of millions, and the loss of this greatest opportunity in history for making the world over, such an outcome cannot be faced without dismay; for the results would be almost beyond calculation. On the other hand, complete failure would so demonstrate the underlying hypocrisy of the whole thing that one wonders whether Providence has not perhaps decided that human progress must now come in that way.

How will the conference end? Optimists have faith in its outcome, but when you ask for details the answer is that the Big Four know they have to reckon with history and therefore cannot afford to let the Conference collapse. If you call the attention of these persons to the fact that the Big Four spent the whole of the week ending March 29 discussing the Saar Basin without being able to reach any decision, that on Wednesday, April 2, they admittedly accomplished nothing, and that Clemenceau is now back with another Saar proposal, and then ask wherein are the signs of decision and accomplishment; if you ask what will happen if at the final conclusion of these long-drawn-out talks the Allies are trying to find a Government in a collapsed Germany with which to do business, you get no answer at all. Pessimists insist that Allied statesmanship has completely broken down. Every honest man in Paris has to agree that the differences are irreconcilable between the French on the one hand, and the English and Americans on the other, and that we may shortly see the Americans pulling out in order to make a separate peace, before all Europe falls into chaos. When I consider the high hopes held here when the Conference opened and what the frame of mind is as I send this, my last dispatch from this side, no one can deny that the end is near, that either some kind of peace draft will shortly be worked out or that the Conference will break up. Those who hold to the latter theory are reinforced by the break already made in one important committee where there is a hopelessly irreconcilable difference between the Americans on one side and the English and French on the other, our officials taking the side that will not please our reactionary daily press in America.

President Wilson plainly has his back to the wall, and the next two weeks will probably decide whether he is merely an artist in language or whether he has enough moral and personal force and principle to snatch victory at the bitter end. Meanwhile it is urged that he may yet have to venture on the dangerous experiment of trying to unseat Clemenceau and Lloyd George, though it must be said that the latter has done far better than was expected, and in some matters has surpassed Wilson in wisdom and determination. Anything may happen; therefore prophecy is impossible. Whenever you try to figure out what may occur, the spectre of Germany rises before you. Who can make peace with the Ebert Government obviously holding on by its teeth, and likely to lose its hold at any hour, or with a Soviet Germany which defies the bourgeois Governments of the Entente, or with Germany split into fragments and gradually disintegrating as well as starving before our eyes?

Alas! the lost months cannot be recalled. In January the situation could have been saved, but probably not now. Therefore Wilson, if he succeeds at the last moment in dragging out a tortured peace, may find himself faced with a flat German refusal to sign. The Allies have no more looked ahead to such a situation than to the possibility of anarchy in Germany. One of the highest English officials says that the blockade will then be resumed. Even that, however, will not make the Germans sign, for they will have made up their minds to that eventuality before refusing to sign. The only way to make sure that the Germans will sign is to give them so moderate a peace that the jingoes everywhere will shriek that Wilson has betrayed them and made a pro-German peace. Never was there a more melancholy spectacle in history than the situation here at this hour of cabling. Shall we have revolution everywhere in Europe by May or June? So imminent does this possibility appear that some Americans have engaged passage home for their families for May in order to be on the safe side.

Meanwhile there are many signs that the Allies are being driven into a position where they will have to do business with Lenine. There is much mystery about the report of three Americans, headed by William Bullitt of the State Department, who have just returned to Paris from Russia. There were rumors that the report would be given out last Saturday, but there are no signs that it will appear at all. If one asks when Wilson is going to decide upon a new Russian policy, one gets the same old tiresome answer that Wilson is meditating upon what to do. If I were prophesying (which I am not) I should say that Lenine will soon find the Allies ready to do business with him on the basis of their taking off the blockade and opening up Russian communication with the world upon Lenine's promise to take the armies away from the frontier and to cease proselytizing and threatening to spread Bolshevist doctrine. Already a prominent person has accepted the Entente's commission to undertake to put food into Russia. This is a gratifying sign that the rule of reason begins to prevail. Even the Entente is learning that this is the hour for practical Christianity— the call of dying millions in Russia can no longer be resisted.

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Perhaps the diplomats will yet learn that the failure to take a similar tack with the Germans as soon as the war ended is largely responsible for their present terrible situation. Fortunately for our American reputation in the future, our officials have seen this from the first. Indeed, if some persons at home, and our reactionary press as well, knew the position the American delegates have taken, there would be a tremendous outcry that our officials were too easy on the Germans. I asked one of our most responsible leaders today what message I could take back to America from those who are fighting its battles here. He replied, "Let the people and press get over their senseless hate of our late enemy as soon as possible, and realize that what is at stake now is the civilization of Europe, if not that of the world. Europe cannot be saved if Germany is not." He was himself almost hopeless of saving the day, and it is pretty certain that he has long since got beyond the idea that this war is going to make the world safe for democracy. What he is fighting for is to get the American army back before there is a possibility of its being kept here by anarchy in Germany and elsewhere. Long live war as a maker of peace! Its achievements in Europe are wonderful. Sometimes I wonder if President Wilson ever recalls his contempt for the pacifists, because he knew how to get peace and they did not.

We read with interest the reports of the furious campaign conducted in America by Mr. Taft and others in behalf of the League of Nations. It strikes us as something quite reminiscent of a bygone period, and only academically interesting. But what everybody in Paris is interested in is whether the Peace Conference is going to explode or not. In comparison with that everything else has lost color and interest.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

The Economics of a War Indemnity*

By CHARLES ADDIS

A REVIEW of modern war indemnities suggests that they should be moderate in amount and, as Bagehot said of poetry, soon over. Up to the end, or nearly the end, of the nineteenth century this appears to have been regarded as sound public policy. Hostile nations, having composed their differences by negotiation or the sharp arbitrament of war, would naturally, one would think, be anxious to do all in their power to extinguish any smouldering embers of hate or humiliation which might subsequently be fanned into a fresh conflagration. They would be sedulous to avoid any action which might weaken the bonds of the treaty of mutual peace and amity into which they had entered on the conclusion of the war.

After the Battle of Waterloo, the indemnity imposed on France by the Allies in 1815 was £28,000,000, without interest, payable in five years. There was no Crimean indemnity. The Austro-Prussian War of 1866 was followed by an indemnity of 40,000,000 Prussian thalers, reduced by counter-claims to 20,000,000 thalers, the equivalent of about £3,000,000. The French indemnity of 1870 was £200,000,000. After the Russo-Turkish War of 1878, Turkey agreed to pay an indemnity of £32,000,000, and afterwards defaulted. The indemnity exacted from China by Japan in 1894 was Tls. 200,000,000, or £30,000,000. An indemnity of £67,000,000 was imposed on China by the Powers after the Boxer outbreak in 1901. There was no indemnity after the war between Russia and Japan in 1904.

There are three points with regard to these indemnities of the past hundred years which are worth noting. First, with one exception, they appear to have been based on a claim for damage done; second, they did not include the costs of war; and, third, they were for amounts capable of being paid, so to speak, on the nail.

The exception, leaving on one side for the moment the Boxer indemnity payable in instalments covering a period of forty years, which were suspended in 1917, was the French indemnity of 1870. It was not so much that the amount was greatly in excess of previous indemnities. That was merely a difference in degree—a degree, it is only fair to say, which would probably not have been considered excessive today, either absolutely or relatively. According to Mr. O'Farrel, it did not amount to one-half, perhaps not to one-third, of the surplus income of France, and scarcely exceeded the stock of gold in the country at the time. And in point of fact the indemnity was paid with comparative ease and in a surprisingly short time, not more than twenty-seven months. No, the gravamen of the charge against the Germans is that they imported a new element into the indemnity amounting to a difference in kind. The object became penal: to punish the enemy by the infliction of a fine over and above the cost of the war, to cripple his economic resources and prevent or render difficult his undertaking a subsequent war of revenge. The Germans demanded and received more than they had spent. They made money out of the war—at the time. Whether it was a good investment or not they may now judge.

It may be objected that this is not a fair way of stating the case of those who explicitly or implicitly advocate a penal indemnity today. Their object, they may assert, is not to secure a pecuniary advantage or to inflict punishment for its own sake, but for the sake of producing a change in the enemy's heart; to insure that never again shall it be possible for its guilty authors to perpetrate afresh a crime which has outraged the universal human conscience; that at its best the penal policy is rooted in a profound belief in the moral government of the world and inspired by the passionate conviction that somehow right must be vindicated and the wrongdoer punished.

A change of heart we must all desire, no less for ourselves than for the enemy. But if we were to reverse the position and try to put ourselves in the enemy's place, do we really think that a punitive indemnity would be likely to bring about in us the change of heart we all desiderate so much in the enemy? Do we not feel that a policy of reconciliation, of justice tempered by mercy, would be more likely to succeed? It is possible to believe in the moral government of the universe, to believe that right shall be vindicated and that "though hand join in hand the wrongdoer shall not go unpunished" and still to doubt whether in any particular instance human wisdom is competent to usurp the functions of the divine, and impartially to assume the dual rôle of judge and executioner in its own cause.

*An address by Sir Charles Addis at the Institute of Bankers, London, on March 5.

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Justice demands an object, but there is no method known now, any more than in Burke's time, of drawing up "an indictment against a whole people." The Government, the military party, against which the punishment is aimed, is no longer in existence. Can we be sure that punishment will fall upon its guilty head? Is it not too probable that it will escape the incidence of such a penal indemnity as has been suggested, and that the real burden will fall upon the poor and the ignorant, the misgoverned and the badly led, who may be regarded as the victims rather than the authors of those crimes against humanity which have so justly provoked the national resentment? Such a result, it must be remembered, would almost inevitably have a reactive effect upon the economic condition of this country. Justice has its price, and if in this instance it is found that it can be paid in full only at the expense of our own industrial classes, then, in their interests, it may be expedient to be content with something less than the uttermost farthing. We have our rights. Germany deserves to be punished. Germany ought to pay. Agreed; but is it always the part of wisdom in this workaday world of ours to exact the full measure of our rights even against the guilty? In all human affairs is there not generally something left over for pardon, and upon the whole may it not be found best to give the delinquent the benefit of the doubt? Is there anything derogatory to the national prestige in such a suggestion? For my part, I decline to admit that there is anything soft or sentimental in the golden rule of doing as we would be done by. It is, on the contrary, the embodiment of sound practical common sense. I repel the idea that there is anything weak or unmanly in the Christian law of forgiveness. On the contrary, its wisdom is justified by the common experience of our everyday life. I have yet to meet the man who in the retrospect of life finds satisfaction in an injury avenged or regret for an injury forgiven. And between the ethics of a nation and an individual there is no essential difference. A penal indemnity is bad business.

The degree of inequity inseparable from any vindictive penalty may be admitted, but it is argued that the inequity is redeemed by its deterrent effect in preventing future wars. But is that so? Penalties are for the vanquished, not for the victors. No nation goes to war unless it thinks it will be victorious. Consequently in contemplating war it will not be deterred by the fear of a war fine. Germany paid, they will say, because she was the loser. We shall not have to pay, because we are going to win. From the point of view of an aggressive and unscrupulous Power a war fine, instead of serving as a warning, might even act as an incitement to war.

The argument for inflicting such an indemnity as would cripple Germany economically and so put it out of her power to prepare for another war would appear to be self-destructive. A crippled Germany obviously could not pay a penal indemnity. To the passionate demand, Can we ever again be expected to leave ourselves open to a recurrence of the horrors through which we have passed? the answer is, No; but to suppose that in crippling a nation you thereby obtain a guarantee of permanent peace is a chimera. In truth there is no such thing as a conclusive peace. The only guarantee of a conclusive peace is that, having beaten your enemy, you are ready to fight him again whenever he likes. That is why the ultimate sanction of the League of Nations is force, the combined force of all its members instead of the isolated force of any one of them. On that covenant, if we agree to it, we stake for good or ill the political security of this country and the world's peace. The defence of any one nation, including our own, becomes the concern of all nations. "When," said President Wilson at the Paris Conference, "any free people shall find itself menaced, the whole world shall rise to defend its liberty." Whether we like it or not we shall be bound by the League of Nations, and to suppose that after having signed what the *Times* justly describes as "the most important international document ever published" we can act in future as if we had never put our hands to it is to live in a world of illusion. We shall have to recognize that the whole political situation has been changed by the substitution of international coöperation for international competition in defence. The conditions of national security which prevailed up to 1914 will have gone—never, let us hope, to return.

What then is to be the measure of an indemnity from which the vindictive, deterrent, and crippling elements have been eliminated? The general rule, as we have seen, has been to assess the amount at the estimated cost of restoring the invaded territories. This was the precedent followed by President Wilson in his speech to Congress on January 8, 1918, and by the Allied Governments when they declared their willingness to make peace with the Government of Germany on these terms. Clause XIX of the Conditions of Armistice stipulates for reparation for damage done, and in order to remove any possible ambiguity it was stated in the reply to the German note that "the Allied Governments feel that no doubt ought to be allowed to exist as to what this provision implies. By it they understand that compensation will be paid by Germany for all damage done to the civilian population of the Allies and their property by the aggression of Germany by land, by sea, and from the air." As a definition this seems at once explicit and precise, and on this understanding the armistice was signed. By what alchemy of thought civilian damage has been transmuted into an amalgam of civil and military damage has not yet been explained. The question of principle which touches the honor of the Allies is not whether or no the loser in a war may justly be called upon to pay the costs, but whether or no such a condition was implicit in any reasonable interpretation which might be placed upon the Allies' own words by the persons to whom they were addressed. There would appear to be the less reason to adopt a strained or forced interpretation of the text, so far at least as this country is concerned, since the inclusion of military expenditure is not likely to add much to our share of the indemnity. He must be a sanguine man who supposes that, after the prior claims of France, Belgium, Italy, Greece, Serbia, Rumania, and Montenegro have all been satisfied, and our own civilian damage repaired, much will be left to defray our military expenditure.

The total wealth of Germany before the war was estimated by Dr. Helfferich at £15,000,000,000. His figures have been disputed, but whether they should be £15,000,000,000 or £16,000,000,000 is of small practical consequence and need not detain us here. Whatever the amount of Germany's wealth, actual or potential, the great mass of it on any computation must consist of capital fixed in Government domains, in forests, railways, mines, docks, harbors, and the like, which cannot be moved or made immediately available for the payment of an indemnity. Even if the most liberal allowance be made for the cession of territories, the surrender of shipping, and the transfer

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of what is left of the foreign securities, it is plain that if the indemnity is to include the war costs of the Allies, which Mr. Lloyd George estimates at £24,000,000,000, a large balance must stand over to be paid out of the revenue of future years.

The taxable capacity of a country is the measure of its ability to pay an indemnity. A Government has no money of its own; it can pay only by first of all extracting the money from the pockets of the people in the form of taxes. The taxable capacity of Germany before the war was very elastic, and there is no reason to doubt that a very large revenue could be raised there now. Indeed, after the experience of the war it would be difficult to set a limit to the amount of revenue which a Government with the printing press as an adjunct and the confidence of its people in its solvency to back it up, might not be able to raise. The difficulty is that the money, so long as it remains in the country of origin, is of very little use for the purposes of an indemnity. The crux is to get it out of Germany. We do not want payment in paper marks. We want to be paid in gold, in goods or services.

It is plain that all the gold in Germany, say £120,000,000, would not suffice to pay more than a fraction of the amount demanded, even if it were advisable to seize it, which it is not. Gold is required as the basis of credit and currency, without which the trade and industry of a country cannot be carried on; the whole industrial system would break down. If you want people to work for you, you must not begin by depriving them of their tools.

As for services, Germany has no doubt rendered valuable services to this country in the past, in shipping, in insurance, in banking, and in various industries, but how will it be possible for her to render such service in future, if she is stripped of her shipping, if her banking and insurance agencies in this country are closed, and if her nationals are forbidden to set foot on its shores?

If payment in gold and services is impracticable, it follows that the indemnity can be paid only in goods, and, furthermore, that the act of payment is not complete until the goods have been exported.

There would be serious practical difficulties in the way of our receiving payment in kind, nor has Germany any great variety of raw produce to offer—coal, iron, potash, and beet sugar—which would be suitable for that purpose. For the most part the indemnity must be paid in manufactured goods. Some apprehension has been excited at the prospect of our market being flooded with cheap German goods to the detriment of our own industries. In my opinion these fears are exaggerated. In the first place, the return on our foreign investments before the war, some £200,000,000 per annum, was paid to us for the most part in foreign goods. It is estimated that by the sale of our foreign securities this annual stream of goods has been reduced by one-half. There is therefore a gap of £100,000,000 which might be filled by a corresponding import of German goods without any appreciable injury to our own trade. In the second place, it is not to be supposed that all the indemnity goods, if we may call them so, would come to this country. They would be sent to the country which wanted them most and was willing to pay the highest price for them. The German shippers would draw bills against these goods on the country of destination. The German Government, having first collected the money from the taxpayer, would buy these bills from the shippers and remit them to London, or, if it suited us better, to New York. The source of payments is the annual savings or surplus of goods left over after providing for consumption; the instrument of payment is the foreign bill.

The annual net income or savings in Germany before the war, again quoting from Dr. Helfferich, was £400,000,000. The ability to save has been diminished by waste of capital, loss of life, and impaired efficiency due to malnutrition, and only partly increased by the forced economy of disarmament. On the other hand, the money income, measured in the depreciated currency, is probably on the whole considerably larger, and this would of course admit of a corresponding increase in the money amount of the indemnity. In that case, with a fall in prices, Germany's actual payments would be greater; she would have to pay more in goods than, so to speak, she originally bargained for; but this, it may be argued, it should not be beyond her ability to do if, as may well happen, there is a corresponding increase as the years go by in efficiency of production.

Under present conditions, any estimates of the national savings of Germany can be little better than guesswork. What is certain is that, whatever the amount of surplus earnings may be, it can be made available only in part for indemnity payments. Men will not work without hope of reward. There must be the will to work. There must be some degree of comfort and leisure for the producer over and above the ordinary standard of living, or labor will down tools. Capital must be allowed to earn the ordinary rate of profit, or it will take wings to itself and fly away. It is not suggested that we should show undue leniency to the people of Germany or shrink from inflicting any penalty in our power which might help to redress the monstrous wrongs and the wanton suffering that have been inflicted upon our own people, but it would be idle to shut our eyes to the dilemma with which we are confronted of a prosperous Germany and an indemnity, or a crippled Germany and little or no indemnity. We cannot have it both ways.

I do not see how it is possible to arrive at any just conclusion until we have cleared our minds on this point. And if we decide upon an indemnity, then, without any beating about the bush, we should accept frankly and fairly the logical consequences of our decision. You cannot hold Germany down, as Mr. Lloyd George has said, by an army of occupation and force her to work for you. There is nothing to be gained by force. Nor is there anything to be gained by putting Germany into commission and mortgaging her railways and mines. A specific mortgage would scarcely add to the security of the general mortgage obtained by the issue of indemnity bonds, and no foreign commission could hope to rival the proved efficiency of the Germans themselves in administering the resources of their own country. They had better be left to manage the business themselves. But freedom they must have if these resources are to be developed to the extent required to pay an indemnity. At the best it will be a heavy task. The high level of prices in Germany and the increased burden of taxation involve a relatively high cost of production which must handicap the foreign trade of Germany for a long time to come. She will no longer be able to compete on equal terms and must dispose of her goods at a disadvantage to nations whose good will she has forfeited by her crimes of violence and rapine. If, in addition to these natural disadvantages (as we may call them), Germany is to be subjected to a sort of international boycott, and hampered by hostile tariffs or dues, to be denied free access to the ports and harbors of the world, and obstructed in obtaining the

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raw material indispensable to her manufactures, then the enemy will be crippled indeed, but it will have been at the expense of our own country, for we shall have failed to obtain an indemnity. If, on the other hand, instead of putting obstacles in her way, we afford Germany facilities for trade, freedom of market, free access to raw material, no discrimination, and a reasonable time for payment, we should be justified in demanding, and might reasonably expect to receive, the maximum amount which, after consideration of all the circumstances, it was decided Germany could pay with the minimum of injury to our own trade.

Is an indemnity a good thing or a bad thing for the country which receives it? It is like any money gift, good or evil according to the use you make of it. It will probably be agreed that the best use to which we could put an indemnity would be to pay off our debts, especially our foreign debts. Suppose that we succeed in obtaining an indemnity from Germany for the whole of our war expenditure. We will assume that we agree to receive the amount in bonds, say £6,000,000,000, since Germany could not be expected to pay us in cash. We will suppose further that every creditor of the British Government would be willing to surrender his holding of British war bonds and receive an equivalent amount of German bonds in exchange. In effect that would mean that all the savings which we might have accumulated during the past four and a half years, but which had in fact been squandered, economically speaking, in the waste of war, were recovered and invested in German securities. Until the capital sum was paid, we should enjoy year in and year out, without any effort of our own, an income, an annual flow of goods and services, to the value of £300,000,000. That might be a fine thing for the *rentier*, for the holder of bonds, but the proletariat might view the transaction with a different eye if it were found that our industries were depressed and half ruined in the process, and, by the stimulus given to her manufactures, the commercial supremacy of Germany was established in their stead.

That of course is an extreme case, but it may be taken as an illustration of the psychological factors which have to be taken into account in any estimate of economic results. National debts are bad things in themselves and it is a good thing to have them paid off. From the point of view of national character it may be a better thing to pay them off by our own exertions. I think it was Carlyle who said that there were not two men in the kingdom who could give and receive a gift of money without detriment to the character of one or the other or both. It is the Government that receives the indemnity, and upon the use that is made of it depends the answer to the question whether it will be an advantage or a disadvantage to the community. It is a question of degree, and since Governments are neither altogether wise nor completely foolish the effect of such a large indemnity as we have been considering would probably be neither altogether good nor completely evil, but an admixture of both.

The relative balance of advantage appears more clearly defined when the amount of the indemnity is comparatively moderate. Suppose that for the total cost of the war is substituted the amount of our foreign debt, say £1,500,000,000, and that the United States agrees to take the German indemnity bonds in liquidation of our debt. The extra goods we should otherwise have had to ship to the United States or elsewhere on their account will now be supplied by Germany, who will do the exporting for us; the foreign exchanges will move in our favor in the same way as if we had done the exporting ourselves; our foreign indebtedness will be reduced and the balance of our international trade restored to what it would have been if the debt had never been incurred.

These are sensible advantages which it would be idle to gainsay in any particular case, but though they may outweigh, they do not annul the effects of the general disturbance to trade and credit of indemnity payments which involve any interference with the normal system of exchanging the commodities of one country for those of another. If the amount of the indemnity were such as to lead to a considerable contraction of foreign trade, the general loss to a great trading nation like this might be greater than the particular advantage to be derived from the indemnity itself. The real advantage of international trade is that it permits of an extension of the division of labor, by which the aggregate world production of goods is increased. The return to labor and capital of a self-contained country will be less than if it trade with another country. The quantity of goods produced by the two countries trading together will be greater than it would be if each produced for itself. The direct benefit of foreign trade is measured by the additional imports it brings into the country, but the real advantage lies not merely in the consumption value of the imports. It resides perhaps more in the effort put forth to produce the exports required to obtain them and in the stimulus to the thrift, the energy, the inventive genius, the mutual toleration and understanding, the intellectual and moral development of the people. It is the absence of this stimulus which prevents the receiving country from reaping the full advantage of an indemnity, and the presence of it which to some extent relieves the disadvantage to the country which pays.

Until the Allied Committee appointed for the purpose have completed their investigations and reported what Germany can pay, I see little to be gained by empty speculations and disputations as to the amount. It seems to me that our discussion is likely to be more profitable if it is confined to a consideration of the general principles governing the payment of indemnities, and I shall close by recapitulating some of the main conclusions at which we have arrived.

An indemnity is a payment by Government directly out of taxes and indirectly out of the surplus production over consumption of goods and services.

If the whole of the surplus is taken, and no inducement is offered to labor and capital, the surplus goods will cease to be created.

The act of payment is not completed until the goods have been exported, and the disturbance caused to world prices and credit by the export of goods for which there is no equivalent import will prevent the receiving country from securing the full advantage of an indemnity.

The interdependence of nations makes it impossible to cripple Germany without to some extent crippling British trade; conversely, British trade would have its share in any increase of prosperity in Germany.

To secure the maximum indemnity with the minimum injury to the trade of this country it will be necessary to afford Germany free access to raw material, and freedom to arrange her own mode of paying the indemnity, which should be for a moderate amount well within her taxable capacity and on such terms as to keep alive in the debtor the hope of redemption within a reasonable time.

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Aetna

By FREDERICK PETERSON

Age after age the ancient Alchemist,
Wrapped in the clouds which veil him and his snows,
From dawn to dawn of rose and amethyst,
Fills up his giant crucible. He knows
The grim and awful chemistry of earth—
Yet pours his molten terrors out to bless
Races unnumbered since the mountain's birth,
And countless herds have fed on his largess;
Red lava streams he turns to ruby wine
Green pastures, almond blooms and asphodels,
And scoriac rivers down that vast incline
Burst into April's fairest miracles,
While round his airy head and basalt feet
The eagle soars and nightingales sing sweet.

In the Driftway

NOTHING tones up the Drifter like turning the pages of a thin volume issued now and then by the Library of Congress and entitled, "A List of American Doctoral Dissertations Printed in 1916," or whatever the year may happen to be. That does not matter. With the first page, where the eye falls upon "The Development of the Prootic Head Somites and Eye Muscles in *Chelydra Serpentina*," the Drifter is transported far from this world of Junkers and Bolsheviks, secret diplomacy and open bluff. On his magic carpet he is borne in a moment to "The Habitat of the *Eurypterida*," wafted gently through "The Acadian Triassic," where he is vouchsafed a glimpse of "The Second Person Singular of the Latin Future Indicative As an Imperative," and so to the lotus land of "Diethylamino-m-hydroxybenzoyltetrachlorobenzoic Acid and Trichlorodiethylaminoxanthonecarboxylic Acid and Some of Their Derivatives." He may take a sudden drop to "The Copper Ores of Maryland," but is quickly carried "On a Special Elliptic Ruled Surface of the Ninth Order" to the clouds of "Rising Costs of Living." So free is he of the cares and anxieties of the world of the newspapers that "A Study of Occupations in the Cloak, Suit, and Skirt Industry of Greater New York and an Apprenticeship Plan for Cutters", seems sheer nonsense, and "The Establishment of State Government in California" a meaningless conglomeration of syllables. Memories of a previous existence on *terra firma* are vaguely stirred by "The Mechanism of Crossing-over," but they soon fade away as, borne aloft on "Thermionic Currents from Molybdenum," he enters the Nirvana of "Linkage in *Primula Sinensis*."

* * * *

THE Drifter has undergone various quarantines. There was the cholera quarantine in a home-made tent on a tiny Greek isle, where he gathered wild cyclamen in November. There was the smallpox quarantine in a tent in French Canada, where stately sugar-maple sentinels and sympathetic white birches bore huge yellow placards: VARIOLE! Now he faces "Quarantine 37." This new ruling of the Department of Agriculture is a document of shivers and suspicions. Ostensibly intended to guard our crops from the three thousand distinct insect pests with which the Old World threatens us, it spreads a vast legal net not only for the enmeshment of immigrant plants and seeds but for the downfall as well of the nurseryman and the flower lover. A cautious republic will take no chances. Faith gave way to prudence when "In God we trust" paled before "Safety First." Prudence shows adventure the door, hands the key to suspicion, and leaves us plunged in spiritual quarantine while she proceeds to make the world s. for d. The Drifter cons the familiar atrocities. The yellow peril spreads on gauzy wings. "The Japanese beetle has already attained such firm foothold that, in view of its habits and prolonged flight, it is probably incapable of extermination and will no doubt ultimately overspread the United States." This monster was smuggled in with a shipment of Japanese iris. The Drifter has known beetles in Japan, amusing fellows in harness who dragged toy carts of pith and paper. Who would have suspected the children's playfellow of being a winged Bolshevik? And must the iris be indicted as a fellow conspirator? The Drifter remembers the stately iris spreading its butterfly wings over the mirroring pond of his Kyoto garden, and the lavish wild iris which empurples the hills about Ikao; and the sturdy roof-iris which crowns the peasant's hut, binding fast the thatch with its long knotted fingers; and also the tiny dwarf-iris, three inches high, that stars the Mongolian plateau. All this beauty to be banned? But perhaps our practical scientists forgot that the rhizomes are edible.

* * * *

OUR native pines may croon contentedly; no ill-nourished dwarf-pines of an ancient race will crowd in to underbid them. Capitalistic orchids may flaunt their eccentricities securely; competition has closed. Even the California avocado has thriftily provided that no Mexican bandit kin shall claim unprofitable hospitality. The law allows a special safe conduct to certain bulbs that come from eminently respectable countries. Thus a discreet number of tidy Dutch tulips may come, duly sterilized, to set a praiseworthy example to our native-grown bulbs, and by some oversight we may still hope to inhale the sweetness of German lilies-of-the valley. But for the most part we are due to content ourselves with strictly home products. "The experts of the Department are convinced that it will be possible very promptly to produce in this country all the plants prohibited by this quarantine." To achieve this we must open our wicket to the gardeners of the world. Even in California, where man is content to look on, hands in pockets, at mere profusion, when a balanced partnership with Nature might evoke beauty, we must learn gardening from the Japanese. The Drifter suspects that if we shared our garden plot with him and in exchange for his "growing touch" and his unwearied skill we gave him good fellowship and a place by the inglenook, the little brown gardener might not only help us to visions of iris, but he might even teach us to harness his beetle.

THE DRIFTER

Contributors to this Issue

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Correspondence

Liberty and Justice for All

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Back in the early days of 1917, when America first entered the Great War, it was a daring thing to use the German language, read a German History, or speak of the German people in any terms save those of odium. And during those parlous times it was the clever thing, the politic thing, to laud our Britannic neighbors across the sea—the so-called Anglo-Saxons. I recall that Walter Noyes had a full-page article in the Sunday *Telegraph* in which he gravely informed us that we did not fight the English in 1776—"we fought a German king on an English throne and his Prussian-Hessians." Of course the fact that there were no such people as "Prussian-Hessians" was nothing to the newsreading public. Noyes knew that the super-patriotic papers throughout the country would appropriate that catch-phrase, and they did. From Maine to California, one paper after another solemnly informed its readers, through its editorial columns, that "we did not fight the English in 1776—we fought a German king on an English throne!" And, almost to a man the public believed it. Such is the power of the press.

But, speaking of German kings on English thrones—I wonder if the Boers thought they were fighting Englishmen or "Prussian-Hessians" in 1880 and 1899? Of course, Queen Victoria was a German Queen on an English throne and, oddly enough, she was the granddaughter of George III, that German king who sent his "Prussian-Hessians" to fight us in 1776!

It matters not, now, whom we fought in 1776. Our motto then was "liberty and justice for all." To-day our motto is the same. Let us press this home. Let us free, not only the "oppressed peoples of Central Europe," but the oppressed peoples of all the world, including Ireland, and Ian Hay's "Oppressed English"!

FLORENCE M. POAST

New York, April 2

Erasmiana

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The late Francis Morgan Nichols was the happy possessor of Lawford Hall, a beautiful and famous country-seat in Essex. In writing the history of its illustrious owners, among whom was Lord Mountjoy, the pupil and friend of Erasmus, he became interested in the great humanist. At an age when many men would begin to rest from their labors, Mr. Nichols undertook the task of making Erasmus's epistles accessible in English. The first volume appeared in 1901, the second in 1904; the third was announced for publication in 1910, but was withdrawn. As Mr. Nichols died, in his ninetieth year, in 1915, I had given up hope of ever seeing the third volume. It was, therefore, with as much surprise as delight that I received last autumn, as a gift from the author's son, the third and last volume, completing the translation to the end of the year 1518.

The fascination of these epistles is multifarious. For one thing, they furnish the historian with a nice problem in source criticism. How much were they re-written and "edited" by the author himself before publication? Many instances in which this was done have come to light; and perhaps the title that Erasmus selected for the collection, "Opus Epistolarum," indicates his literary rather than documentary purpose. In any case, the work brings the reader in touch with most of the choice and master spirits of the age—with More and Colet and Linacre and Wolsey, with Reuchlin and Luther and Melanchthon and Zwingli, with Dürer and Holbein and Matsys, with Rabelais and Dolet and Margaret of Navarre, as well as with the vulgar crowd of kings and popes and magnates then strutting on the stage.

The literary appeal of Erasmus's letters lies less in their beautiful Latin—the supplest and liveliest ever written—than in their passionate love of learning. Even in the present agony of the world, men may surely pause a while to heed the thoughts that wander through eternity, and may yield with profit to the seduction of disinterested knowledge and of pure wisdom. Nowadays we not only distrust the fugitive and cloistered virtue, but we scoff at any virtue that does not visibly strive and cry, that does not scream and advertise in the market-place.

Though still so young, the twentieth century has seen greater additions to our knowledge of Erasmus than has any age since his own. Great harvests of new material have been reaped in England, Spain, Poland, Germany, Belgium, and France; and America has gleaned a tiny sheaf to add to them. Mr. Brockwell thinks he has found, in America, a picture painted by Erasmus in 1501. Additional marginal drawings, possibly by Holbein, have been discovered in a book by Erasmus at Harvard, and have been published. An important letter has just been printed for the first time in the American edition of "Luther's Correspondence." To these new documents may be added the following note. In the library of Mr. G. A. Plimpton of New York there is a copy of the Aldine Greek Herodotus of 1502 with the inscription in Erasmus's hand, "Sum Erasmi," and the motto, "Amicus orbi perenne" ("Ever the friend of the world"). There is a further inscription in the hand of Livinus Ammonius, in Latin, to the following effect: "This is the volume of Herodotus' Histories which Erasmus gave to Anthony Clava, the Jurisconsult, on which gift there is extant an epistle in the *Farrago*. Anthony Clava, dying on May 31, 1529, left it by will to Livinus Ammonius." Clava was a lawyer of Ghent, an enthusiastic Greek scholar, and a close friend of the humanist. The letter referred to, dated April 29, 1518, may now be read in Mr. P. S. Allen's edition of the "Opus Epistolarum," No. 841.

PRESERVED SMITH

Cambridge, Mass., March 31

The Way of the Translator

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Notwithstanding the well-merited popularity of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," it is high time that someone entered a protest against the amazingly bad translation that has been foisted upon us. A reader, like myself, who is unfamiliar with Spanish is forced to reach the author's meaning through quantities of palpable mistranslations and English vulgarisms that rob him of much of the satisfaction he is entitled to in reading this remarkable book. A few samples may convince your readers that I am not exaggerating.

On page 46 we read of the "resemblance of certain youths laboring there the same as others." Resemblance to whom? Of course the context gives the clue, but the sentence as it stands is nonsense. On page 96 we find Chichi roller-skating at the Ice-Palace, a feat doubtless possible, but hardly desirable. "Their passions took the form of an intense, reciprocal and vulgar love" arrests the eye on page 116. Whatever the Spanish may have been, it certainly did not mean *vulgar*, but something like "of the people" as the context clearly shows. On page 142 it is stated that "Every individual submitted to intensive production, the same as a bit of land," etc. For *production*, read *cultivation*—an individual cannot submit to production. For *the same as* read *like*. The translator has a weakness for *the same as* and uses it in such sentences as "they are shouting with enthusiasm the same as they are doing here" (page 156) and "armed the same as the officers" (page 356), and in many other places where it is equally awkward. "That road is bad for the health. We must keep out of the currents of air," on page 440, again shows the translator's ignorance of foreign idioms. *Draught* is the English equivalent of *courant d'air* in French, and there is undoubtedly a similar idiom in Spanish. On page 465 we read "the sharp hulls of the shell had fairly riddled him." Splinters one would

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recognize, but what are hulls? The avenue Victor Hugo is repeatedly referred to as *avenida*, as on page 467. What is meant by "their pneumatic tires crushing flat from the furrows opened by the plowman," on page 473, one can only guess. Perhaps the most remarkable example is on page 481, where we read "the metal cutter had opened its usual lines," instead of "the plough had opened (or turned over) the usual furrows," which I assume to be the true meaning. It would be interesting to discover what the translator had in mind in her repeated references to "the guns of '75." Does she really imagine the famous French 75-millimetre cannon to be a relic of the past century?

These are but a few specimens out of many, showing not only carelessness but actual ignorance of both Spanish and English.

Hartford, Conn., March 29 HENRY A. PERKINS

An Appeal to Cowper Lovers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Trustees of the Cowper and Newton Museum at Olney, England, have an opportunity to acquire the garden that adjoins the Museum (formerly the residence of the poet Cowper). The present owner of the garden, in which stands the summer house referred to in Cowper's letters, has decided to sell the property, and has given the refusal of it to the Museum Trustees for the sum of four hundred pounds. The probable alternative is that it would be acquired for business purposes, in which case its literary associations would entirely disappear. An appeal is being made for the necessary funds to acquire this memorial of the poet. At present rather more than a fourth of the amount required has been obtained. Lovers of eighteenth-century literature in general and of Cowper in particular are urged to contribute to this fund. The present writer undertakes to forward any amount sent to him; or contributions may be sent direct to Mr. Thomas Wright, The Cowper School, Olney, Bucks, England. SAMUEL C. CHEW

Bryn Mawr College, March 25

Venizelos

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Every day we hear: "Venizelos is great, long live Venizelos." To-day I asked an old friend of the Greek statesman the direct question, "Why is Venizelos great?" He replied:

"Mr. Venizelos is great first of all because, better than any other man, he knows the history of his own country. In addition he is thoroughly familiar with the history of all other European countries. Second, he is great because he is absolutely straight-forward in all his dealings. Mr. Venizelos has foresight in an extraordinary degree. When the French were apparently facing defeat he ordered the mobilization of Greeks and declared war on Germany. He has a very wonderful memory—he remembers everything, even details of insignificant events of years ago. Last, it would seem that Mr. Venizelos has the faculty of penetration in an extraordinary degree. When you have spoken only a few words to him he already knows what you are and what you will say. He can never be cheated."

Salonica, Greece, January 7 HARRY W. FRANTZ

Bolshevism and the Marseillaise

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Sir: As an admirer of your splendid publication, may I point out the curious inconsistency involved in the applause universally given to the playing of the "Marseillaise" and our general approval of the storming of the Bastille? Certainly our present attitude toward the Bolsheviki does not jibe well with our present approval of the Parisian mob of some years since.

New York, April 7 SOUTHERNER

Drama

The American Spirit in the American Drama

NO form of art is more essentially national than the drama. In the unfolding and development of our national consciousness after a war that was fought in order that our national ideals should become international, there is no doubt that the drama will have its share. It is comparatively easy to secure from the average theatre-goer a placid agreement upon this point; then he resumes his chronic attitude of profound indifference to the authorship of plays in general and of native plays in particular. To him there is nothing odd in the fact that the name of Mr. Lionel Barrymore should be exhibited in letters two feet high on a bill-board and that Mr. Augustus Thomas's name should be printed in obscure type on the same board. If he should be approached in behalf of any projects for the encouragement of the American drama he would probably reply that he did not know there was such a thing and if there were why should it be encouraged? If you replied in turn that it was due to a similar indifference on the part of his ancestors that our first great dramatist left the theatre, ruined and broken-hearted, that the authors of "The Gladiator" and of "Francesca da Rimini" turned from the stage in disgust, he would stare at you politely and once more turn his attention to those matters with which he felt concern.

We are moving rapidly into newer, broader relationships—our conceptions are becoming more international and there are themes of the near future which will touch the imagination of the playwrights of today. Europe is at present the theatre of the most dramatic series of events known in history, but now that the war is over motives will be developed in this country springing from social and economic readjustments that will leave no vital fact of life untouched. Whether our playwrights paint these with a true background of national feeling, or whether they turn to European themes, more obvious but for us less significant, will depend upon the awakening of the dramatic understanding and the artistic patriotism of the American people.

It is not generally recognized that almost from its beginning the drama in this country has dealt in its proper proportion with themes of native flavor. Our first comedy, "The Contrast," produced April 16, 1787, by the American Company at the John Street Theatre in New York, was written by Major Royall Tyler to show the superiority of native worth over foreign affectation. Into the mouth of Colonel Manly, his hero, he puts words which ring across the century with a special message to us to-day. The colonel's sister has urged him to sell his Continental notes, and he replies:

"I shall be ever willing to contribute as far as it is in my power, to adorn, or in any way to please my sister; yet, I hope, I shall never be obliged, for this, to sell my notes. I may be romantic, but I preserve them as a sacred deposit. Their full amount is justly due to me, but as embarrassments, the natural consequences of a long war, disable my country from supporting its credit, I shall wait with patience until it is rich enough to discharge them. If that is not in my day, they shall be transmitted as an honorable certificate to posterity."

Patriotism on the stage has its own difficulties of representation, but when it rings true, its appeal is quick and sure. On March 30, 1798, William Dunlap produced his play of "André" at the Park Theatre in New York. Major André is the hero of the play and is treated with a sympathetic touch, but probably the most appealing scene is one in which a British officer brings a message to Washington from Sir Henry Clinton to the effect that unless André is spared, an American officer, Colonel Bland, will be executed. Then follow these lines:

(*Enter Sergeant with a letter.*)

"*Sergeant:* Express from Colonel Bland. (*Delivers letter.*)

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"*General:* With your permission. (*Opens it.*)

"*British Officer:* Your pleasure, sir. It may my mission further.

"*General:* 'Tis short; I will put form aside and read it. (Reads) 'Excuse me, my Commander, for having a moment doubted your virtue; but you love me. If you waver, let this confirm you. My wife and children, to you and my country. Do your duty.' Report this to your General."

During the Revolution plays had been forbidden by Congress, which genially classed them with "gaming, cock fighting, and other expensive shows and entertainments," but during the war of 1812 the drama reflected almost immediately the actions on land and sea. It took but three days for the management of the Chestnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia to produce a patriotic sketch called "The Return from a Cruise" which celebrated the victory of the United States over the Macedonian on December 8, 1812. On August 31, 1812, the Constitution triumphed over the Guerrière and William Dunlap opened his season on September 9 with his play of "Yankee Chronology" while a play celebrating the same victory was put on at the opening night, September 28, in both Boston and Philadelphia. These plays were produced definitely as patriotic propaganda, in order to keep up the spirit of the people. The authors of these plays are unknown, but in more serious dramatic attempts the flavor of patriotism turned other interest to good account. In 1812 Scott's "Marmion" was vastly popular. James Nelson Barker dramatized the poem, and cleverly made the play a vehicle in which the Scottish patriot expressed the feelings of his own countrymen. In Durang's "History of the Philadelphia Stage" we read of what must have been a stirring scene in the old Chestnut Street Theatre. Barker was fighting for his country on the border, and when the ringing speech of King James concluded with the words:

"My lord, my lord, under such injuries,
How shall a free and gallant nation act?
Still lay its sovereignty at England's feet—
Still basely ask a boon from England's bounty—
Still vainly hope redress from England's justice?
No, by our martyred fathers' memories,
The land may sink—but like a glorious wreck,
'Twill keep its colors flying to the last!"

Barker's father rose from his box and led the cheering with his crutch, itself a reminder of his services in the Revolution.

General Jackson's victory at New Orleans was made the theme of several plays, one by Richard Penn Smith, representing Jackson in the midst of the British forces, saving himself by drawing an armistice from his pocket and signing it, thereby making it impossible, according to the laws of war, for him to be taken prisoner! Penn Smith's best historical play was "The Triumph at Plattsburg," which celebrated the victory of MacDonough, and the frequency with which plays with a national flavor were performed during the twenties, thirties, and forties shows the response they must have received. A little later, national themes of a less militant character, such as the Mormon Emigration and the Gold Fever, found quick dramatization. In a play called "The Mormons," performed in 1858, Thomas Dunn English, the author of "Ben Bolt," represents a New York alderman visiting Salt Lake City with an idea of introducing Tammany methods, only to find himself a child in the hands of much cleverer and less scrupulous politicians!

When Abraham Lincoln first met Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe he said: "So this is the little woman who wrote the novel that brought on this great war." While the influence of the novel was undoubtedly great, the effect of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in play form was perhaps even greater. One version alone, that by G. L. Aiken, first acted in Troy, New York, in September, 1852, after experiencing great popularity in several places, ran in New York City from July 18, 1853, to April 19, 1854. It then began a stage life which has lasted even to our day. While of no value from the artistic standpoint, it had a popular appeal which made it of great importance as a weapon of the abolitionist. Dion Boucicault's "Octoroon," vastly superior as a play to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," had a long life also, and, through its self-restraint, was even a better argument against slavery.

Civil war plays began soon after the conflict was over, but no notable ones appeared until Mr. William Gillette's "Held by the Enemy" was put on at the Criterion Theatre in Brooklyn in 1886. Here the note, truly American in tone, of the reconciliation of North and South, was struck, and this was emphasized directly or indirectly in Mr. Gillette's later success, "Secret Service," and in Bronson Howard's "Shenandoah," which came in 1888. The hero in each play is from the North, the heroine from the South, and their union is typical of the reunion of the disunited sections. Among all Civil War plays, the American spirit is best represented in "Secret Service," for in it Mr. Gillette created the character of the cool, resourceful American, devoted to his country without bravado, tender and chivalrous to woman without sentimental gallantry, and when the conflicting claims of love and country clash, instinctively responding to those of the nation, just as she prefers those of the man she loves.

The theme of the reunited country is made even more definite in "Alabama," the first important play of Mr. Augustus Thomas, produced in 1891 in New York. In it he makes Captain Davenport say to the unreconstructed Colonel Preston:

"*Davenport:* I respect your feeling in the matter, Colonel Preston, but I can't help thinking it is your personal view that blinds you. Things sometimes are too personal for a correct appreciation. The North and South were two sections when they were a fortnight's journey apart by stages and canals. But now we may see the sun rise in Pennsylvania and can take supper the same day in Talladaga. It is one country. Alabama sends its cotton to Massachusetts—some of it grown very near your grave-yards. The garment you have on was woven twenty miles from Boston. Every summer Georgia puts her watermelons on the New York docks. Pennsylvania builds her furnaces at Birmingham. The North took some of your slaves away—yes—but one freight car is worth a hundred of them at transportation. Our resentment, Colonel Preston, is eighteen hundred years behind the sentiment of the day."

Mr. Thomas told the present writer that at the end of the play, Mr. Henry Watterson rushed up to him in the lobby and, seizing him by both hands, cried: "My boy, you have done more by this one play to bring the North and the South together than I have done by my editorials in twenty years." Though Mr. Thomas has brought army life on the stage in "Arizona" and "Rio Grande," war itself is in the background. His great contribution to the development of our national consciousness comes from his series of plays, of which "Alabama" was the first, and which included "In Mizzoura," "Colorado," and "Arizona." These are sympathetic studies of southern, western, and middle-western life and make for that better understanding of each other by all sections which helps in the maintenance of our national unity. These sectional studies were not always made with the sympathy that animates Mr. Thomas's work, or that of the late Clyde Fitch. Our first comedy, "The Contrast," gave to

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the stage the "Yankee" type in the person of Jonathan, the shrewd, half-educated New England farmer, brought into contact for the first time with city life, and the result was caricature. He was the first of a long series of "stage Yankees," which finally led to the more artistic studies of rural life such as "Shore Acres" or "Sag Harbor."

Another phase of American life, the seamy side of existence in the large cities, began to have its dramatic representation in the forties with Benjamin Baker's "New York as It Is." It was the celebration of the New York fireman, and its great popularity and that of its imitations were further proof of the appeal which realism always makes. From that time to the present, when the direct descendant of Baker's work, the "crook play," has had phenomenal success, the stage has called attention to the underworld with admirable persistency. The celebration of true Americanism has had a better medium in the social satires, which from "The Contrast" again through Mrs. Mowatt's "Fashion" in the mid-century, to Clyde Fitch's "The Stubbornness of Geraldine" and Bronson Howard's "Aristocracy," have frequently painted a sterling type of American manhood or womanhood as a contrast either to foreign snobbery or the more irritating native product.

Sometimes this American spirit has been shown in less obvious but none the less significant forms. There can be no doubt that the great popularity of such plays as "The Gladiator," in which Robert Montgomery Bird celebrated the revolt of Spartacus against the tyranny of Rome, or "Jack Cade," in which Judge Conrad portrayed the rising of that rebel against the oppression of the English nobles, was due not only to the great ability of Edwin Forrest as an actor, but also to the democratic sentiments which the plays celebrated. In the thirties and forties the revolt of the individual against political or personal persecution was a natural theme. In Europe, Greece had just won her freedom, and revolution against autocracy was in the air. In America, the crusade against slavery was gathering head. It was the literary fashion to lay the theme of a political character in an older civilization, but the motive that prompted the dramatists was the American love of liberty. It was not an accident that, of Dr. Bird's four great plays, "Pelopidas" celebrated the Theban revolt against Spartan tyranny, "Oralloossa" the Indian revolt against the Spanish rule, and "The Gladiator" the rebellion of Spartacus against Rome.

It is significant that this note of revolt against political oppression has given place in contemporary American drama to the protest of the individual against overpowering social or economic forces. Mr. MacKaye's "To-morrow" or Mr. Kenyon's "Kindling" both represent the demand of the individual to be well born, free from disease, and with an environment that shall at least give him a chance to live. There is a step in advance here in placing the issue where it belongs instead of veiling it under historical symbolism. But the feeling that has prompted this drama of protest is of the essence of America, for it represents not the democracy that would level downwards, but the democracy that would raise the individual, and through him raise the whole social and economic status of the nation.

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Finance

Stabilizing Industries

REJECTION by the Railroad Administration of the price schedules fixed for steel products by the Government through the Industrial Board of the Department of Commerce directs attention to the problem of promoting the readjustment of prices in other industries, so that the country's business may soon be upon a normal basis again. The Railroad Administration, after consideration, declined to accept the prices agreed upon by the Board and the manufacturers because, it is alleged, such action would force the owners of the railways to take an immense quantity of high-priced equipment. In explanation of this attitude, it has been urged that the roads last year were not inclined to take a large amount of rolling stock that had been ordered for them by the Railroad Administration. Inasmuch as the railways are the largest consumers of steel and of coal, it has been urged by some officials of the Administration that the carriers should obtain a lower price than that quoted to general buyers. On the other hand, the point has been made by other experts that the market should have only one price and that the railways should be willing to pay the prices quoted to other consumers.

In this way a hitch has been encountered in the effort to bring producers and consumers together. It had been supposed that the announcement of a price schedule by the Industrial Board would be accepted by the Railroad Administration as representing the Federal authorities, so that a vast amount of business held back by the railways could be released forthwith. It is this tonnage which the steel producers have been waiting for. It is to be hoped that some arrangement will be made soon, so that the necessary orders can be released and the surplus labor reduced. This has been the critical point all along in the steel industry. When it was announced a few weeks ago that the Industrial Board had reached an agreement with the steel manufacturers, some buying orders were released. But these orders were not extensive enough to give the mills the necessary business to keep their forces fully employed. Some structural shapes, however, were ordered, but the inquiries from these sources were not sufficient to turn the market. But the demand showed some signs of broadening until the question of accepting the scheduled prices was put squarely up to the Government officials. Had the railways become heavy buyers of steel at these prices, there is little doubt that the whole market would have turned, with the result that other important orders would have been released.

The question now is, how does this hitch in the steel stabilization programme affect the other industries exposed to similar uncertainties? Steel experts and various authorities have declared all along that it would not be possible for any Government board to arrive immediately at a price basis acceptable to all branches of the consuming public. In the copper industry the producers have faced the situation squarely, and by announcing thoroughgoing reductions have enlarged the buying to a considerable extent. This would seem to be the natural mode of procedure, as various experts have doubted the wisdom of forcing the market by a succession of half-hearted reductions. Some have declared all along that the situation would be materially helped by revising prices sharply instead of naming a schedule which was not thoroughgoing enough to meet the needs of an overwrought trade situation.

It is always a difficult matter to readjust prices after a long period of inflated war values. But the situation this year is peculiar in that the rest of the world is clamoring for American products and merchandise, while there is also a large potential demand from consumers at home. The war has brought about many difficult problems, one of the most complicated of which has to do with the shifting of industry from a level of war prices to a basis of peace production.

WILLIAM JUSTUS BOIES

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The Nation

Vol. CVIII NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1919 No. 2806

Ruskin: A Centenary View

By RICHARD ROBERTS

JOHN RUSKIN was born a hundred years ago; and there were giants upon the earth in those days. Shelley's brief, brilliant, erratic life had yet three years to run. William Blake, then a man over sixty, was completing the plates for his "Jerusalem." The year of Ruskin's birth was the year of "Peter Bell," the midpoint of Keats's short, many-splendored summer, the year also of the writing of "The Bride of Lammermoor." Byron was still in full song, albeit with a premonitory quaver. Coleridge was beginning his tragic and needless decline; Thomas Carlyle in Edinburgh was girding himself for a thunderous apostolate. Kosciusko was lately dead; but Lamennais had already started upon his stormy and passionate public career; and Kossuth, Mazzini, Michiewicz were on the threshold. Browning, Tennyson, and Darwin were yet schoolboys; other giants were coming to birth. George Eliot was born in the same year as Ruskin, and Herbert Spencer a year later. Ruskin, who lived more than fourscore years, was coeval with the great Victorians, of which goodly and royal company he was not the least.

It is now nearly twenty years since his death,—far too early, of course, to appraise him at his proper worth. All we can say is that he is secure in his place among the high peaks of the nineteenth century; and this in spite of the fact that he is no longer our oracle on art, or our seat of authority in economics. His distinction springs from the circumstance which made him the main fountain-head of a movement which is not yet come into its own, but is (if the signs do not lie) most assuredly on the way. John Ruskin was the first, as he was also the greatest, of his time, to give plain and reasoned utterance to the rebellion of the human spirit against the dehumanizing tyranny of commercialism.

It is interesting to observe the frequency with which the word "humanism" is beginning to emerge in the current literature of reconstruction. The word is not new, nor does it describe a new thing. When the writer of the Book of Daniel records his vision of the "beasts" and their passing, and then of the coming of "one like unto a son of man," whose dominion was to be abiding and boundless, he was proclaiming the gospel and hope of humanism over against the inhuman imperialisms of the ancient world. The Humanists of the Renaissance raised the same tattered old banner in their day when they set out to free the mind of man from the arid bondage of mediæval scholasticism. Today the enemy is an economic system which robs man of his birthright of life and liberty no less effectually than the political or ecclesiastical tyrannies of other days; and this modern revolt probably owes more to John Ruskin than it does to any other man. This is the prophetic succession to which he belongs. First and last he was a great humanist,—at first, perhaps, without altogether knowing it, yet having the root of the matter in him all the time. And the thing grew within him by a sort of fierce necessity, as the youth who had startled the world with the first volume of "Modern Painters" came to know that world better, and saw that its accepted manner of life denied all those principles of truth and mercy and justice upon which he had argued that all vital art must be based, and upon which he knew that all life, whether of society or the single soul, must be grounded if it is to be saved from destruction and death,—this thing grew until the man became the flaming herald of a gospel, not indeed new in its substance, but bewilderingly new and disturbing to that complacent generation. Like every prophet, he was a voice crying in the wilderness; but he did not cry in vain. John Ruskin was the John Baptist of the new world which is even now in the pangs of birth.

"When people read," he had written in "Modern Painters," "the law came by Moses but grace and truth through Christ, do they suppose it means that the law was ungracious or untrue? The law was given for a foundation; the grace (or mercy) for fulfilment; the whole forming one glorious trinity of judgment, mercy, and truth." When, years after, this passage was reproduced in "Frondes Agrestes," Ruskin added this footnote: "A good deal of the presumption and narrowness caused by my having been bred in the evangelical schools, and which now fills me with shame and distress in re-reading 'Modern Painters,' is to my present mind atoned for by the accurate thinking by which I broke through to the great truth expressed in this passage, which all my later writings, without exception, have been devoted to maintain and illustrate." John Ruskin's interpretation of John the Evangelist is open to doubt; but no question can be raised concerning the accuracy with which he expounds John Ruskin. The evangelical schools may have left him presumptuous and narrow, as he says; and both in temper and faith he departed widely from the tradition in which he had been reared. But one thing remained with him to the end. The Puritanism which underlay the evangelical teaching of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, and which constituted what strength it had, gave to Ruskin an abiding sense of the absolute ultimacy of the moral order; and wheresoever he turned he found it at work. One recalls, for instance, the passage in "The Stones of Venice" where he describes how that city, after her golden age, began to decline, how "in the ingenuity of indulgence, in the varieties of vanity, Venice surpassed the cities of Europe as of old she surpassed them in fortitude and devotion," and how "by the inner burning of her own passions, as fatal as the fiery rain of Gomorrah, she was consumed from her place among the nations; and her

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ashes are choking the channels of the dead salt sea." All of which expressed, to Ruskin's mind, the final philosophy of history, and so linked him with the authentic tradition of prophecy.

Yet Ruskin was no conventional moralist, still less a legalist. He had moral principles but no moral code; and the principles derived from a single root. Though he speaks of judgment, mercy, and truth, it is with a connotation somewhat different from that of his evangelical training; and much as he has told us of his own story, we know next to nothing of the process by which he passed (assuredly not without some travail) from the highly schematized ethics of the Puritan tradition to the deeper and more organic view which finds expression in such a passage as this: "Little else than Art is moral; . . . and for the words 'good' and 'wicked,' used of men, you may almost substitute 'makers' or 'destroyers.'" This, like much else in Ruskin, is reminiscent of William Blake, who in his characteristic forthright way had said much the same thing: "A Poet, a Painter, a Musician, an Architect, a man or woman who is not one of these is not a Christian." In Blake's philosophy, the *differentia* of manhood is the creative or poetic urge; and the true man is he who creates things,—songs, pictures, shrines, what not; but most of all he who creates a society. Morality is the art of fellowship; virtue is the practice of the society-making graces,—forgiveness, mercy, brotherliness, and the rest; and of all this the ultimate ground is the inviolable sanctity of manhood. "Labour well the Minute Particulars," he cries, "care for the Little Ones"—that is, ordinary men and women. Before all else is the utter holiness of man. To this point Ruskin also came, and he found in it his criterion of moral judgment, and the text of his denunciation of the machine age. "The great cry which rises from our manufacturing cities, louder than their furnace blast, is all in very deed for this, that we manufacture there everything but men; we bleach cotton, and strengthen steel, and refine sugar, and shape pottery; but to brighten, to strengthen, to refine, or to form a single living spirit does not enter into our estimate of advantages."

But the path by which Ruskin reached this principle was different from Blake's. Blake was essentially democratic; but Ruskin had, as it were, to come down from above. It was a kind of descent from the aristocratic aloofness which his secluded and fastidious early training had bred in him. Ruskin trails an unmistakable suggestion of the patron after him; and whereas Blake wanted to make men free, Ruskin, like a large-hearted Tory squire, wanted to make them happy. "All the evil to which that cry is urging our myriads" (to continue the last quotation) "can be met only in one way . . . by a right understanding on the part of all classes of what kinds of labour are good for men, raising them and making them happy." It was the bondage of men that fired Blake; but Ruskin was moved by their misery. "I simply cannot paint nor read nor look at minerals nor do anything that I like, and the very light of the morning sun, when there is any, which is seldom nowadays near London, has become hateful to me because of the misery that I know of, and see signs of where I know it not, which no imagination can interpret too bitterly." There is a certain high priestliness in this agony for human suffering of which this poor world has known too little; yet it moved Ruskin to compassion and indignation without ever bringing him to stand—as a prophet or a priest should—in the midst of the multitude. William Morris making socialistic speeches on street corners leaves a more convincing impression than Ruskin's solitary and sonorous thunder. He was truly a voice crying in the wilderness; but it was a wilderness into which the common people for whom his voice was lifted up could not come, even to hear him or to cheer him. It was his wilderness, not theirs. For this reason Ruskin never truly understood the genius of the democratic movement. He spoke impatiently of liberty, and characteristically had not a little to say about obedience. He failed to see that "the great cry which rises from our manufacturing cities" was for something deeper and more substantial than happiness,—it was a cry for more *life* and fuller; and this larger life was then, as now, denied to men not because the machine industry was in itself incurably vicious, but because it had perpetuated in a new and aggravated form the disinheritance under which the multitude has suffered in every age. The enemy was not and is not the machine (the machine may be made into a useful servant), but the privilege which has been able to use the machine to its own advantage. Ruskin acknowledged and preached, as few have ever done, the responsibilities that go with privileges; but he did not clearly see the evil of exclusive privilege whatsoever form it may take. He was content with the existing social framework, if only he could cast out of it the machine-devil and all its iniquitous works.

So the modern movement has swept past the terms of Ruskin's gospel; yet it will be irreparably impoverished if, for a single moment, it permits itself to forget its substance. The living, burning humanism which cries out from every page he wrote, despite his own only partial understanding of all that was implied in it, must inspire and inform all the toil by which our new City of God is built. His insistent demand that we should be prepared to sacrifice "such convenience or beauty or cheapness, as is to be got only by the degradation of the worker" has lost none of its pertinence with the passing of time; and we have yet to achieve that sensibility of conscience which will not allow the mind and heart of man to be engaged in producing things which are not, as William Morris said, "a joy to the maker and the user." And until we have so ordered our life that the labor of men shall minister to the fulfilment of all rather than the advantage of the few, Ruskin though dead will not desist from speaking to us.

And indeed, even thereafter, he will go on speaking to us; for when all is said in criticism and abatement that may justly be said, his essential subject-matter has abiding validity. Though the modern art critic may regard Ruskin as *passé* and antique, yet art cannot afford to despise his insistence upon design. He may seem to exaggerate the importance of a technical accuracy of representation, yet it never ceases to be true that, whether the finished picture shows it or not, it must gather around a framework of truthful and precise drawing, even though the lines be drawn nowhere but in the artist's mind. Ruskin was undoubtedly in danger of exalting into a dogma that meticulous attention to detail which the loneliness of his childhood had bred in him; and he often read more meaning into *minutiæ* than they could reasonably carry; nevertheless the young artist must lay the foundations of achievement securely in such a discipline of the eye as Ruskin insists upon. Perhaps Ruskin supposed too confidently that every eye could and would see in a pebble or a sprig what his eye

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saw; and he made too little allowance for what in our modern jargon we call the "personal equation." Whistler was no less truthful than Ruskin; but their personal reactions to the same object were widely different. The one gained a single swift vivid impression which he translated into a "symphony"; the other perceived a large and massive effect which could not be wholly digested until every detail had been observed and appraised in relation to the whole. Perhaps the difference lay in this, that Whistler was an artist, whereas Ruskin was a critic and teacher of art. When we are being taught to write, we are required to conform to the rules; but when we pass from the schoolroom, our writing takes on a more distinctive character. Yet its legibility depends very much upon our once having been thoroughly habituated to the rules. Surely it is the same in art. It is no bad thing to be well grounded in the rules of the game, if the result is to be understood of men, but at last the painter must paint the thing that he sees as he sees it, whatever may seem to happen to the rules. Perhaps the difference lay in this: that Whistler was an always be kept in leading strings. He was authoritarian in art as in politics, and believed it was better for art to be noble than free. Seemingly he did not recognize that art in order to be noble must be free; yet it is well for us to remember that art must not cease to be noble if it is to remain free.

All this and much else will Ruskin continue to teach us, if only for the reason that we shall not be able to abstain from reading him. He habited his thought in pure and noble language; and his stress upon the value of attending fastidiously to detail is vindicated by the power and beauty of his prose. As Ruskin, according to his own testimony, owed his English to the circumstance that his mother made him commit much of the Authorized Version of the Bible to memory, so (the Bible being somewhat out of fashion) it might minister to a necessary renaissance of worthy writing if the younger generation were encouraged to learn by heart and to declaim some of the great music of Ruskin's prose. His thought upon this matter and that will inevitably lose something of its point and immediacy as the years go by; but his writing will remain—"a joy forever."

And—most of all—his voice will never cease to echo down the years the ultimate *verbum Dei* for men of thought and action. "Except the Lord build the house they labour in vain who build it,"—a good word for any who have, as this generation has, building operations of any consequence on hand. "Far the greater part of the seeming prosperity of the world," he said in 1870, "is, so far as our present knowledge extends, vain; wholly useless for any kind of good; but having assigned to it a certain inevitable succession of destruction and of sorrow." Ruskin prophesied better than he knew; for in 1914, destruction and sorrow came upon us like an avalanche. This is a world (and Ruskin never allows us to forget it) in which the sowing of greed and vanity must at last reap its harvest of tragedy; yet it is also so made that faithful labor may transform it to the similitude of paradise. "And though faint with sickness, and encumbered in ruin, the true workers redeem inch by inch the wilderness into garden ground; by the help of their joined hands the order of all things is surely sustained and vitally expanded; and although with strange vacillation in the eyes of the watcher, the morning cometh, and also the night, there is no hour of human existence that does not draw on towards the perfect day."

Reviews

From Meredith to Wells

English Literature During the Last Half Century. By J. W. Cunliffe. New York: The Macmillan Company.

TO the systematic but perplexed reader who would fain win, in avocational moments, a commanding view of contemporary belles-lettres, we can now with some confidence recommend the following programme: first, a considerate perusal, guided by Professor Cunliffe's new book, of selected essays, plays, and novels; then, a study of Professor Sherman's "On Contemporary Literature"; then, voluminous re-reading and re-thinking, till time fail, or "heaven peep through the blanket of the dark to cry 'Hold, hold!'" But what of poetry—which is barely touched by Mr. Sherman and dealt with only in subordinate fashion by Mr. Cunliffe? Well, our two critics are justified in their emphasis on prose. For though poetry may presently rule the household again, she has been for the past fifty years a pupil of prose: discover the creed of the governess and you are in a fair way toward understanding the mental repertory, at least, of the prettier disciple. Understand the prose of Samuel Butler, for instance, and you will probably understand the driving ideas of Mr. Masefield's poetry better than Mr. Masefield himself understands them. For more intimate guidance, read the reviews in critical journals; also, after devout prayers to Apollo, read books and articles on recent poetry by recent poets.

Of recent literature considered as a whole, Mr. Sherman's book, whatever its shortcomings, remains the most distinguished and stimulating critical treatment. But Mr. Cunliffe has more than fulfilled the modest purpose announced in his preface: "to provide guidance for firsthand study—assistance in reading the authors themselves, not a substitute for it." His own reading has been zestful; and he presents the authors with a degree of sympathetic understanding which a young American poet-critic all too hastily averred, a few months ago, to be quite impossible in middle-aged American professors. Each of eleven English authors, from Meredith to Wells, is presented with an excellent attempt at brief completeness; then come summary chapters on "The Irish Movement," "The New Poets," and "The New Novelists"; and each essay is followed by a highly useful bibliography. The concision of the chapter on the much oriented R. L. Stevenson, and the full and acute analysis of the less understood George Gissing, are thankfully accepted as instances of the writer's good sense of proportion. On the other hand, his careful tracing of the career of each author sometimes lapses, notably in the case of the protean Shaw, into rather bare statement of particular phases, at the expense of wholeness of view. But, remembering the amount of mere atmosphere which pervades most treatments of recent literature, one is grateful for Mr. Cunliffe's scholarly care in presenting the facts, and also for his circumspection in passing judgment.

The writer's critical standpoint is that of an open-minded common sense which, accepting as rather inevitable the propelling ideas and limitations of our time, will not try to transcend them, but refuses to be thrust by them into corners that cultivated taste and intelligence instinctively avoid. For example, he is kindly when showing the struggling narrowness of the early life and education of H. G. Wells; he is perfectly fair but not unsatirical when sketching Wells's ideas on marriage, education, and religion; he is critically true in distinguishing "that humorous sympathy which is one of the author's main gifts," and in phrasing the novelist's chief deficiency as follows: "It is when Wells tries to convey passion purified by its own fire that he fails most dismally. The lower forms of sex attraction he represents faithfully and sympathetically; for the portrayal of real passion in its higher, intenser moods, he has no gift." (Peace be with the dull-eyed who view Wells's passion in the lump, and indiscriminately label it "unconven-

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tional, realistic, and intense.") Galsworthy, on the other hand, has skill in the analysis "especially of amorous passion in people of intelligence and refinement," and "no critic has ever revealed the shortcomings of his own class with greater fearlessness"; though one has "a consciousness of thinness in his imaginative work." Mr. Cunliffe fully appreciates the love of the "inherited and traditional instinct for decency and order" which distinguishes Arnold Bennett's novels, but dismisses his brief essays as "pretentious pot-boilers," and fears that "this over-advertised deadweight of platitudes will . . . hinder appreciation of his really significant work." At this point we suggest that the systematic searching reader compare Mr. Cunliffe's and Mr. Sherman's judgments upon Wells and Bennett; and then, above all, their evaluations of George Meredith.

It becomes more and more clear that the position of Meredith was pivotal. In considerable measure he was swung by certain fresh currents which have flowed far more urgently in subsequent prose; at the same time, he kept a foothold on certain important human values which younger writers, first of all Thomas Hardy, have obscured or even spurned. Now, Mr. Cunliffe notes that "Hardy's fatalistic pessimism offers a strong contrast to Meredith's buoyant optimism and high-spirited insistence on man's power to control his destiny." But he fails to bring out the central significance of this contrast. On the one hand, he attributes too much importance to the pseudo-religious nature-mysticism which runs through Meredith's poetry; plainly, the poet was here too much influenced by that obscurantist naturalism which, when passed through Hardy's different temperament, came out pessimistic. On the other hand, Mr. Cunliffe does not fully see that the main fact about Hardy's central philosophy of life is not its pessimism, but its triviality; plainly, in this sphere of thought, Hardy deserves Goethe's judgment of Byron—"The moment he reflects, he is a child." Of Hardy's verse, however, Mr. Cunliffe notes acutely: "The one thing that moves the poet to a kind of cheerfulness is triumphant indulgence in sexual desire."

Vastly more important and original than Hardy in the development of the new literary naturalism (extreme insistence upon the overruling power of men's natural tendencies and passions) was Samuel Butler. Professor J. B. Fletcher's essay on him, contributed to the present volume, is the most highly-wrought and interesting in the book. Mr. Fletcher succeeds extraordinarily in catching the elusive charm of this whimsical, manifold, and too much neglected personality. And he shows carefully how Butler, with his persistent conviction that "a hen is only an egg's way of making another egg," vitalized the Darwinian theory of evolution and made it available for a literary presentation unique in its combination of the humanitarian and the comic. An essay on Joseph Conrad is contributed by Leland Hall. Though rather more panegyric than critical in his aim, Mr. Hall renders intimately the power of Conrad's art, and, apparently in accordance with the plan of the whole book, gives a clear-cut analysis of the novelist's central view of life. True it is, and not sufficiently perceived by the casual reader, that "Conrad has not shown man miserable in conflict with the impersonal forces of nature. . . . That force which brings grief and misery upon the race rises out of man himself, out of man's greed, which turns him against his own kind and renders him distrustful, envious, and cruel." True it is that, though free from the didacticism of his fellow-craftsmen, Conrad poignantly expresses the spirit of our age in its call for human fellowship and solidarity. But Mr. Hall exaggerates the extent to which, in Conrad's works, the social complex is represented as overruling the comparatively guiltless individual. Surely the responsibility of Axel Heyst, for instance, is central in "Victory," and mainly provides the truly tragic quality of that great novel. Indeed, the distinction of Conrad—the feature that aligns him with Meredith—is that, though responding to the prevailing current of social naturalism, he has not, like so many of his contemporaries, lost hold of the old truth that the most real values in one's life are determined by one's own decisions.

A Fighting Chance

The Disabled Soldier. By Douglas C. McMurtrie. New York: The Macmillan Company.

MR. McMURTRIE'S admirable book is not a technical treatise, but is meant for the general public and should receive a general welcome, the more so as all royalties from its sale have been generously destined for the Red Cross Institute for Cripples. Its double aim is in the first place to promote a wide-spread knowledge of the new possibilities opened to the cripple by modern surgery and modern technical training, and second to persuade a public generous, but as a rule not only ignorant but prejudiced, that what the crippled soldier deserves and demands is not charity but a fighting chance to resume his place in the ranks of labor. The numerous illustrations which accompany the text bring vividly before the eye the nature and extent of these new possibilities. We see a handless man spreading dung on a field in France, another sharpening a scythe; a one-legged man driving a plough; a blind man learning to distinguish breeds of chickens by the touch in order to become a poultry-farmer; another blind and one-handed busily engaged in brush-making; and a German cripple, a mere trunk, handless and legless, equipped with artificial limbs that enable him to ply a trade. There are still people in the world, too many in fact, who believe that only a few petty and unprofitable trades are open to cripples and the blind. These pictures, all reproductions of actual photographs, should go a long way toward producing conviction of the contrary even in the most doubting of Thomases.

It is necessary, however, not only to dispel the public ignorance, but to do away with an old and deep-rooted prejudice against the employment of the cripple. How persistent this prejudice is can be seen from the fact that even in our late war a highly skilled wireless operator was refused employment by our government because, forsooth, he had lost a leg. Cripples and blind men trained to a high point of accomplishment in modern schools are unanimous in their testimony that the handicap of popular prejudice is a greater obstacle to their success as working members of society than the loss of a limb or of sight itself. No amount of surgical skill or technical training will enable the cripple and the blind man to make his way in the world as long as this stupid old-world prejudice remains, and it is perhaps the chief merit of this book that it contains so much that tends to break down that prejudice.

In the matter of rehabilitation and replacement we may learn from the enemy lessons quite as valuable to national welfare as in the matter of destruction. Germany has taught us the fighting value of poison-gas and the bombing plane; she has lessons for us also in the treatment of the disabled soldier. In fact, the German programme, formulated by Dr. Biesalski, one of the leading orthopædists of Germany and secretary of the National Federation for the Care of Cripples, contains perhaps the clearest and most convincing statement of the principles which should govern our national action in this matter. It consists of the following points: (1) No charity but work for those disabled by war. (2) Disabled soldiers are to be returned to their homes and their old conditions; as far as possible to their old work. (3) Disabled soldiers are not to be segregated in institutions, but are to be distributed among the people. (4) There is no such thing as being crippled so long as the will exists to overcome the handicap. Finally, there must be the fullest publicity on this subject, first of all among the disabled men themselves. The statement is made in this connection that in Germany fully ninety per cent. of the disabled soldiers are restored to active life. The author is fully justified in his statement that the old *laissez-faire* policy of allowing the disabled soldier to stumble along the industrial road undirected and unassisted can no longer prevail. This is a matter for Government initiation and control, and we may be sure that it lies very near the heart of our present Government.

Limitations of space forbid a detailed analysis of Mr. Mc-

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Murtrie's most interesting book. We may note, however, that the work of rehabilitation begins in the hospital itself, where the mere prospect of regaining a place in active life, much more the beginning of some simple occupation, is of the greatest value in shortening the period of convalescence. It is in the hospital, too, that expert advice is given the disabled soldier as to the possibilities and opportunities of his future career. And here the author utters a much needed word of warning: "The greatest need of the disabled soldier is not elaborate courses or splendid buildings, but the finest men the country affords to help him in the critical period immediately following disablement. . . . It is to be hoped that the one place where a re-educational organization will not economise is the salaries of the men to become the friends and advisers of the disabled soldiers."

From the hospital the author follows his subjects into the training school. This may be either a school founded with the distinct purpose of rehabilitating the cripple, or one of the many vocational and technical schools already in existence. In either case the aim is to train a man for a job which he can perform with full efficiency,—that is, to find a process in which his particular disability will be no handicap whatever. As far as possible, however, the subject is to be trained along lines which are familiar to his past, so that he may profit by his own previous experience. This might in many cases seem impossible, but German statistics show that only four per cent. of the disabled are obliged to begin a wholly new career.

After the training school comes the matter of replacement; and it is here, perhaps, more than elsewhere that the need of a just and generous policy rather than undiscriminating charity is evident. The cripple must neither be given a sinecure in the Civil Service nor be exploited by a greedy employer. If he is unable or unwilling to do a man's work with other men, he must be transferred to a job more suited to his capacity. In other words, the "follow-up" system is as necessary here as in any other elaborate organization. And that there is ample field for choice is shown by the long list of trades suitable for cripples given on page 119 of the present book.

Two of the most interesting chapters deal with the replacement of the blind and the sufferers from the complex of "war-neuroses" known as shell-shock. The blind man has been through all time the very type of helplessness; the picture of the blind leading the blind is the symbol of helpless error. There has been a happy change in recent years. Such a school as St. Dunstan's in London turns out ninety per cent. of its blind pupils fully equipped to resume their place in the world, and experience has shown that there is no more successful leader of the blind out of the darkness of despair than the blind teacher who has himself learned to overcome his handicap.

The terrible strain of modern war is responsible for a vast number of cases of nervous and mental trouble grouped under the head of shell-shock. Seven per cent. of the discharges from the British army up to May of 1918 were for this cause, and almost twenty per cent. of British pensioners were afflicted with some form of nervous trouble. These derangements of the nervous system range from slight temporary cases to the very border of insanity. Here modern methods of attention, suggestion, and occupation succeed in restoring the greater number to active life.

The book closes with a study of the problem as it presents itself to our own country. Conditions here differ from those abroad. In the first place, due to the terms of our draft act, we have a larger number of unskilled workers to provide for—casuals in the field of labor who need to be taught a new trade from the beginning. Further, there was little or no provision in this country before the war for the training of the crippled adult. It is plain that this deficiency must be made good with all speed, and it is greatly to be hoped that institutions founded primarily for the rehabilitation of the crippled soldier will be continued for the benefit of those who have been disabled in the fierce competition of modern industry. Legislation to this effect is, in fact, at present under consideration at Washington. The task of training and replacing the disabled soldier has been entrusted to the Federal Board for Vocational Education, and plans are being worked out on a large and generous scale for the performance of our national duty. But, to quote the author, "the complete success of the work rests with the people of the United States, upon whether we sense the glory of restoring the ex-soldier's ability to earn his own living or whether we continue the old temporary hero-worship and permanent pauperization. The self-respect of self-support, or the ignominy of dependence —which shall the future hold for our disabled soldiers? The credit or the blame will rest largely with the American public."

A Royal Pamphleteer

The Political Works of James I. Edited, with an Introduction, by Charles Howard McIlwain. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

"I HAVE ever thought it the duty of a worthy Prince," says King James in his "Basilikon Doron," or book of counsels in statecraft, "rather with a pike than with a pen to take his just revenge." His precept in this as in other matters belied his practice, for he made the pen his favorite weapon in life, and he left a body of writings which, brought to light again after three centuries, may still do a needed service to his memory. Two volumes of his verse, much of it not previously published, have appeared since 1900; and his essays in political and religious controversy, which might have seemed most safely buried, now come out in a reprint of the collected edition of 1616. Aside from the introductory study, this volume is valuable chiefly because it makes accessible four political tracts which are not elsewhere reprinted, and which engaged the attention of Europe when they were first published: "The Trew Law of Free [Absolute] Monarchies," "An Apologie for the Oath of Allegiance," "A Premonition to all Christian Monarchies" (against the menace of papacy), and a "Remonstrance for the Right of Kings."

If these seem to sound the depths of unreadability, the ardent student of politics must take courage from the editor's admonition to steep himself in the political literature of the age he wishes to understand; he must also recognize the importance of the essays when they were written, and their bearing on the development of political ideas. Even so, we suspect that nine out of ten readers will not get far beyond the excellent Introduction, in which these matters are explained.

The divine right of kings, of which James was arch-advocate, is to-day pretty well swept aside. In the early seventeenth century, however, it was a bulwark against the temporal power of the Church, whether Papal or Puritan, and a step on the way toward religious toleration, or separation of Church and State. James himself was not eager for toleration, but self-interest and bitter experience combined to make divine right the foundation of his political faith. The dedicatory sonnet of the "Basilikon Doron" begins with the sonorous line,

"God gives not Kings the style of Gods in vain."

"I am the Husband," James startled his first English Parliament by asserting, "and the whole Isle is my lawful Wife; I am the Head, and it is the Body." The famous Oath of Allegiance of 1606 contained only one stumbling block for Catholics, —the requirement that they deny the Pope's power to depose a king, and abjure as heretical and damnable the doctrine that a Prince excommunicated by the Pope may be deposed or murdered by his subjects. Around the issue thus concretely presented, a veritable battle of propaganda was soon raging, "a paper warfare the like of which has never been seen since." The King led his scholars and pamphleteers against the great cardinals of the Catholic church, and the conflict resounded through western Europe, England assuming a more conspicuous part than ever before in matters of general European concern. The struggle, to which the essays here reprinted were contributions, had thus a profound significance at the time, and retain

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more than a historical interest wherever religion remains a factor in politics.

While the editor's attention is naturally centred upon the theme of the essays rather than upon the author, the Introduction might well have contained some further account of James's early training, reading, intellectual interests, and other influences directly affecting his writings, together with a more detailed analysis of the content and quality of the works themselves and at least a complete list of his literary productions in other fields. Considerations of thought and form, aside from James's recognized equipment as a scholar, surely remove the doubt suggested by the editor as to his complete responsibility for the works under his name. The judgment of their value, however, may be accepted: that they would have attracted attention even if they had been anonymous—which is better than a Scotch preacher's praise of James's mother's lute-playing, that "she did reasonably for a queen."

Since the present volume is the first of a projected series of reprints of political classics, it is worth while to question whether accuracy does not verge on pedantry in the reproduction of obsolete spelling, punctuation, capitalization, and other purely typographical peculiarities, such as the interchange of *u* and *v*, *i* and *j*. Spellings like *vniust*, *mooue*, and *swarue*, for *unjust*, *move*, and *swerve*, hinder rapid reading; and it may even be said that a modern text would more fairly and accurately transmit the thought.

The Purpose and Meaning of Fiction

The Modern Novel. By Wilson Follett. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

A MORE than commonly interesting addition to the rapidly growing company of books around and about the novel is Mr. Follett's study of "The Modern Novel." One fault in these books as a class is a certain over-ingenuity, a restless desire to "score" for the novel or for the critic's special theory. That fault was not absent from Mr. and Mrs. Follett's recent volume of "appreciations and estimates." In "Some Modern Novelists" the co-authors showed themselves sensitive to aspects of story-telling, both human and technical, which neither academic nor popular criticism has made much of. But they also showed themselves rather in bondage to a preconceived theory of the modern novel. Their view of it as interpreter of the modern "sense of continuity—call it 'living in the whole,' the social conscience, or simply the will to brotherhood" resulted in the assembling of strange bedfellows in their critical caravanserai. The sub-title of the present book, with its "purpose and meaning of fiction," has a slightly menacing air for the gun-shy. But Mr. Follett honestly intends to serve as disinterested guide and commentator upon a journey of importance to modern readers. What if he carries his own torch and compass, and even a weapon of private dogma bulging visibly somewhere about his person? It is plain that he means to use them solely for our benefit and protection. And he gives us fair enough warning that if we are only out for an airing in the region of the novel, we may not join his party. For a fiction without purpose or meaning would be a fiction without interest for this observer. He looks upon the novel as a form of art vitally related to modern life. This relation he defines with caution: "The universality of our interest in fiction does not prove that fiction has any inherent right to the space it occupies in our libraries or our lives; but it does prove that we have given fiction a sort of pragmatic claim on us by giving so much of ourselves to it. . . . The question is not, What must be our attitude towards the art of fiction? It is rather, What must fiction have done to us before it becomes deserving of our consideration as an art?"

Mr. Follett at once supplies an answer to this question—his own answer, which we must accept as basis for his subsequent discussion of fiction and its functions: "The ideal responsibility of fiction is to make us dream nobly and disinterestedly, to give a beautiful and intelligible shape to the best of our desire." In what sense this is the *special* office or purpose of fiction, as contrasted with other forms of art, is not made clear. As for meaning as distinguished from purpose, he finds that "in imaginative literature as we have known it in prose," it is peculiarly true that the story-teller is trying to communicate something. He must know what he is about, and his audience must know it, too, if their relation is to be what it should be: "there is no consummation of art except in the audience." Furthermore, the novelist communicates his meaning as much by self-suppression as by self-expression. "He must be true to himself; but that fidelity will avail him nothing unless he is also true to his audience, to his subject, and to the obscure principles of his appeal to thousands of intelligences as unlike his own as they are unlike each other." From this point we proceed, under Mr. Follett's guidance, to the consideration of certain specific means or "provisions" essential to the novelist's art. These are neatly ticketed as "Realism of Circumstance, Truth by Representation, Freshness or Originality, and Fusion" of these and all other materials and methods. Not until a good deal later on do we return to the discussion of the purpose and meaning of the novel in so far as it is a conscious element in the creative impulse of the novelist. He offsets the office of satire, which "brings things to pass," against that of the realism which, with its intellectual and moral detachment or attempt at detachment, "does not and cannot get anything done." And he frankly takes his stand with those who believe that fiction, and all art, must have active and affirmative value to deserve its audience.

"I am aware that there are many readers, and some critics, to whom it is offensive to think of fiction as having any such function as I have here ascribed to it, and who see in any insistence that fiction ought to direct the will and inspire it nothing more than a plea for crass cloddish didacticism. Nor do I recede by a step from my own position in relation to didacticism. I maintain, as before, that fiction must be disinterested in the sense of telling valuable truth, let what will come of it, and that a novel which stands or falls by a special plea for or against something is incurably weak-kneed. But this is not to say that a novel is bad because it rouses a burning moral indignation against things which are unquestionably wrong, or a moral passion for things which are unquestionably right. If any member of 'the ineffable company of pure æsthetes' condemns *Nicholas Nickleby* because it had a reformatory effect on English private schools, or against [*sic*] *Hard Cash* because it called attention to the need for reform in English private asylums for the insane, he is a person for whom one is not obliged to throw away one's own conscience. It is something to the credit of the novel if it can show why vice is vicious, and do justice to the virtue of vicious characters; but I do not think this achievement is comparable to that of the novel which fortifies our instinct to place virtue above vice, kindness above cruelty, and discipline above lawlessness. And if realism must go on seeing primarily the sameness in things and persons, to the exclusion of the invaluable differences, then it were a thousand times better to make the best of the old determined and inflexible dogmas of satire at its most dogmatic."

What marks this book as a whole is its flexible and ingenious and earnestly humane handling of the difficult theme. Its suave and balancing manner does not always run to clarity or precision. In the chapter on "The Realistic Spirit," for example, realism and naturalism are for the most part used as interchangeable terms; and the word "truth" in this writer's usage seems often to be interchangeable in meaning with "fact." It is in discussing Tragedy and Comedy, in a later chapter, that he alludes to "that renewing spirit of fiction, the spirit of idealistic realism"—which we prefer to call "creative realism," and which, under whatever name, must be invoked as the guardian spirit of the art of story-telling as it shall be. The chapter on "Humanism" is little more than an essay on Shakespeare's humanism. Mr. Follett excuses this on the ground that by Shakespeare "the Western part of the world has pretty well agreed to let a good share of its theories of creative art stand or fall."

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In the Wake of Juggernaut

Civilization. By Georges Duhamel. Translated from the French by E. S. Brooks. New York: The Century Company.

OF recent writers who have depicted faithfully and fearlessly the effects wrought by war upon the bodies and souls of those who are its most immediate victims, Georges Duhamel seems to us easily the first. Though sharing the same general characteristics which mark such books as Barbusse's "Under Fire," Latzko's "Men in War," and Sassoon's "Counter-Attack," his work is on the whole of a rarer literary quality than his fellow-countryman's; he is less harshly realistic than the Austrian, less mordant and bitter than the English poet. His first war book, "The Life of Martyrs," was practically ignored by American readers; but his second, "Civilization," now published in fairly adequate translation, is already finding a large audience.

From his experiences as a field surgeon with the French armies during the past four years, M. Duhamel has gleaned a sheaf of sketches—vignettes of character, little glimpses of the human background to that vast organized madness called war—which, though cast in the form of fiction, yet bear upon every page the impress of indubitable veracity. They are pitched in various keys; but whether the prevailing note be that of tragedy or humor or satire, there throbs through all of them a groundtone of intense tender pity and limitless admiration for the humble and heroic men whom he has come to know in the dressing stations and hospitals of France—"to know under a purer light, naked before death, stripped even of those instincts which disfigure the divine beauty of simple souls." And the knowledge thus gained he conveys to us, as far as the printed word is capable of conveying it, in a book which is literature of a fine and enduring sort.

M. Duhamel is under no illusions as to war; he is not of those who endeavor to camouflage the monstrous steam-roller into a chariot of fire. His indignation and hatred are not for the "enemy," but for the forces which compel kindly, peace-loving folk in every country to the doing of deeds which revolt and outrage every better instinct of their natures. The irony of which he is a consummate master is reserved always for the smug *embusqués* who disport themselves about the fringes of this pageant of agony like brisk flies about a deathbed. We are given some unforgettable pictures in this kind—as for instance, of the plump civilian who remarks to a mangled soldier, "You seem pretty badly hurt, my brave boy! But if you knew what wounds we are causing them, with our seventy-fives! Terrible wounds, my dear man, terrible!" Then there is the "very great doctor who had a white beard, an immense waistline, many crosses on his breast, and the pink neck of a man who is always well fed," who remarks to Mery with the broken spine, "Poor devil! Ah! But just suppose such a thing were to happen to me!" Finally must be mentioned the gushing "lady in green" who rouses a grim *blessé* to uproarious laughter, for the first and last time, with some lengthy bombast about "the holy wound which of a hero makes a god."

These, however, are but incidents in the main narrative. The dominant tone throughout is that of pity and tenderness; in its essential character the book is the most eloquent tribute yet paid to the heroism, the nobility, the patient fortitude of the French soldier. There are no heightened effects, no forced appeals to sentiment, no attempts at fine writing. The reader is simply made to feel as he would feel, or ought to feel, in the presence of the events or incidents themselves. Only in the final chapter, from which the volume derives its ironic title, does the note of indignant revolt become uppermost, and even here it is softened and controlled by a philosophic mood in which, though hope is lacking, despair does not yet triumph.

"Civilization! the true Civilization—I often think of it. It is like a choir of harmonious voices chanting a hymn in my heart; it is a marble statue on a barren hill: it is a man saying, 'Love one another!' and 'Return good for evil!' But for nearly two thousand years people have done nothing but repeat these things over and over, and the princes and the priests have far too many interests in the age as it is to conceive other things like them.

"Men are mistaken about goodness and happiness. The most generous souls are mistaken also, for solitude and silence are too often denied them. I have taken a good look at the monstrous autoclave on its throne. I tell you truly, civilization is not in that object any more than it is in the shining pincers that the surgeons use. Civilization is not in all that terrible pack of trumpery wares; and if it is not in the heart of man, well! it's nowhere."

In his earlier book, "The Life of Martyrs," M. Duhamel wrote: "The human being always suffers alone in his flesh, and that is why war is possible." There is a tremendous truth in these words, for those who will take the trouble to ponder them. If imagination and sympathy existed in such degree that each of us were forced to realize to the full the suffering, say, of a soldier whose spine had been shattered by a bullet, we should collectively see to it before another day passed that no more spines were shattered by bullets. As it is, imagination and sympathy being virtually non-existent in those who control human affairs, and the great majority of spines being safe for the moment, we either passively permit or actively encourage the business to go on. But out of the furnace of war there will always emerge a few nobly sensitive spirits who *have* shared, keenly and intimately, in the sufferings of their fellows; and who will do what they can, as does M. Duhamel, to sear into our consciousness some conception of those sufferings—in the hope that at last we shall say they are no longer to be tolerated.

The Second Coming

The Coming of the Lord: Will It Be Pre-Millennial? By James H. Snowden. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Second Coming of Christ. By James M. Campbell. Cincinnati: Methodist Book Concern.

THAT Christian orthodoxy is obsolete or that the world is turned materialist are theories easy to confute by the steady output of books on the Second Coming of Christ. Times of world turmoil always produce speculation on the subject, and never did it proceed with more energy than at present. To read Dr. Snowden's careful book is to enter a sphere where thought is anxiously centred on the issue between pre-millennarians and post-millennarians; and names of distinguished divines replace the names, perhaps more familiar to the general reader today, of experts in politics or economics.

Dr. Snowden is a post-millennarian. It may surely be said of him that thrice he routed all his foes; and were it not for the formidable array of recent pre-millennarian authorities cited, one would be tempted to add that thrice he slew the slain. Certainly, he disposes of the pre-millennarians with a thoroughness proceeding from common sense and a scholarly knowledge of the Scriptures; yet when he is done with them, the reader retains a lurking suspicion that New Testament writers would have understood their language better than his. Dr. Snowden, however, holds an attitude thoroughly accredited since primitive times by the authority of the Church. As opposed to the pre-millennarian belief in a Judgment to arrive at the point when evil has triumphed on earth in apparent completeness, and to be followed by the mystic establishment of the Kingdom of God for a traditional thousand years, he holds that the Kingdom, already founded, is to grow in secret power till the Coming of Christ at the end of human history shall usher in its victory in the eternal order.

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is past, having been coincident with the Fall of Jerusalem; and that the Parousia, or Presence, of which the Scriptures are so full is to be construed as the spiritual Presence of the Lord progressively realized in the soul of the believer.

This last thought is probably more native to normal Christian experience to-day than any other; yet it is difficult to read the New Testament with simple and open mind, and to feel that it represents the conception which controlled the consciousness of Jesus. The Apocalyptic ideas to which he is the heir are evidently creative and vital with him; and however largely specific passages may be colored by subsequent history and by the misconceptions of the disciples, it would seem impossible to untwine these ideas from his teaching and to leave that teaching in its integrity. Nor perhaps is it desirable to do so. The teaching and the personality of the Prophet of Nazareth are for the world to take or leave, and to interpret as it will; but his Church needs its Advent hope.

Into the merits of the discussion between pre- and post-millennarians, it is not for us to enter. The pre-millennarians, as Dr. Snowden points out, slip easily into pessimistic fatalism, while the post-millennarians are likely to lose the sense of reality and virtually to ignore the whole matter. But, after all, the two schools agree in clinging to a tremendous expectation which, rightly understood and released from theological petrifactions, must, if entertained profoundly, affect social thought. The Advent hope carries down the ages a threefold message—of Change, of the Kingdom of God, and of Judgment. Religion needs them all. Institutional religion, tending ever to become formal and static, must learn to look forward and bathe itself in the intuition of perpetual flux; it must become imbued with the mood of "effort and expectation and desire, and something evermore about to be." The recognition that the establishment of the Kingdom was the central purpose of Jesus, and that this Kingdom is actually on the way, is bringing new life to the modern Church; and the thought of Judgment as not only personal and continuous, but corporate, cataclysmic, and future, is an immense and salutary help to the religious reading of history. It is this last thought which even the orthodox are prone to evade nowadays; but nothing is plainer than that, to the mind of Christ and his immediate followers, the establishment of the Kingdom was to be not only by the seed growing secretly, but by the lightning shining across the heavens. In other words, revolution and catastrophe are inevitable elements in progress—elements not to be scouted or suppressed, but to be welcomed, as signs of the Coming of the Son of Man.

Much more than this, of course, is implicit in the full orthodox doctrine; but if Christianity could accept this minimum in a vital way, it could accommodate itself more helpfully to a world in revolution. Meantime, it matters little whether the Great Final Coming, with belief in which, *pace* Dr. Campbell, most of the New Testament is saturated, is to come at the end of history or in the middle. It is evident that during the period covered by New Testament writings, perspective lengthened, and what had once been crassly and externally conceived as a mere external, imminent event became discerned by faithful souls as an abiding principle, a law of historic progress, to find final illustration at some great moment undeterminable by faith. Whenever and however it is to be, belief in it means an indestructible hope. "And He spake to them a parable: Behold the fig-tree and all the trees; when they now shoot forth, ye see and know of your own selves that summer is now nigh at hand. So likewise ye, when ye see these things come to pass, know ye that the kingdom of God is nigh at hand." Did it seem strange to the disciples—this likening of the terrible portents which should precede the destruction of their beloved city, the distress of nations with perplexity, the failing of men's hearts for fear, to the push of tender leaves in spring? The Lord knew whereof he spoke: the times of judgment are the springtides of the world.

Fremont Older's Story

My Own Story. By Fremont Older. San Francisco: The Call Publishing Company.

THE attempted assassination of Francis Heney while prosecuting Abe Ruef in a California courtroom, the kidnapping of Fremont Older and his rescue by friends at Santa Barbara, the conviction of Ruef largely through the unremitting efforts of Older, and Older's subsequent attempts to secure his liberation, are events that still stand out vividly in the memory of the reader of newspapers of some years ago. The sequence of the story he may have forgotten, its significance may have escaped him, but the dramatic incidents stand sharply etched by the genius of Older's journalism.

The innate compulsion of the newspaperman has now driven Fremont Older to make public the inside history of his whole experience. "My Own Story," after coming out serially in the San Francisco *Call*, is now published in book form. It is a picture of an epoch, a portrait of a strongly-marked individuality, and a challenge to the consideration, from a fresh angle, of old unanswerable questions of human will and fate.

When in 1895 Older became managing editor of the San Francisco *Bulletin*, he was, he tells us, without any ideals whatever about life, vain of his newspaper talent, and with no enthusiasm beyond newspaper success. At first, like the owner of the paper, he was concerned only to see it make money and that quickly, for it was in financial straits. To this end he eagerly sought to increase its circulation by his gift for securing "stories" that would hold the public attention.

Thus he engaged in a series of what have come to be called muck-raking campaigns, at first exploiting private scandals, later public abuses in the corrupt politics of California and San Francisco, at that time dominated by the influence of the Southern Pacific Railway. What follows is a series of etchings of political actors and a history of political affairs of extraordinary vividness, which no one who wants to acquaint himself with the ways of American politics or to understand American development can afford to neglect.

Older's own moral awakening seems to have come with the humiliation of finding himself the partner of an honorable reform-candidate for the San Francisco Mayoralty while his paper was secretly taking money from the railroad. He wanted to be what Phelan believed him to be, clean-handed and independent, but he was involved in the toils of the past and he was not his own master.

His interest in civic affairs passed from that of the journalistic exploiter of sensations to that of the good citizen. With the courageous and disinterested efforts of Heney, whom Roosevelt excused from important Federal prosecutions for the purpose, and with the aid of the skill of W. J. Burns, whom Heney brought into the case as detective, the reformers ran down Ruef and imprisoned him on a fourteen years' sentence. Then Older's stomach turned. This penalty for a tool, with all the ordinary pitiful family ties, while the really responsible men escaped, revolted him. Not only so, but Older, after the wild excitement of the man-hunt had subsided, realized what dubious practices had been employed on his own side and became convinced that Ruef, having been promised immunity in return for confession, had been unfairly treated by Burns. This he was not at liberty to explain, so he put his efforts to get Ruef released on personal grounds. Meanwhile, he was going to the prison to see Ruef—whom he naturally found at first hostile and later pathetically grateful.

In this way Older began to feel a new interest in those who live in the underworld of prisons, slums, and brothels. Probably nothing short of omniscience could tell how far the journalist's desire to secure sensation for his readers in the life histories of Donald Lowrie, "Alice Smith," and others, coöperated with the man's human pity; but no one can doubt the genuineness of his brotherly interest in one unfortunate protégé

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after another. As he learned to know more intimately the released burglars and drunkards whom he and his wife sheltered on their ranch, giving them employment and friendship, he came to alter his first belief that he was dealing with everyday people victimized by circumstances. More and more he became convinced that in many of the cases this was not all of the matter —that there was something abnormal and inexplicable in many of these men and women, which wrecked their own and others' efforts to establish them again in the world.

In the political arena Older continued his efforts for better conditions; but he was almost stunned by the victory of Fickert over Heney in a campaign for the Mayoralty fought, as it seemed, on a clear-cut issue of evil against good. The work of years seemed brought to nothing through the sheer indifference of an uninformed public. This has happened often in New York, Boston, Philadelphia—and where not? But the effect of the experience on Older's philosophy was profound. Later campaigns, including the reforms achieved by his friend Hiram Johnson, his story hardly more than alludes to. He felt a growing desire to get behind symptoms to causes, and a growing sense of the fundamental importance of the labor question. But just as the voters failed to support those who fought to improve political conditions, so labor failed to support his efforts to speak for it through the *Bulletin*. He tried to make the public understand all that lay behind the crime of the McNamaras. He is still busy trying to secure justice for Mooney and Billings. But his experience with labor has reinforced the lessons he draws from his experience with civic reform. He emphasizes the indisputable fact that to secure external results is not enough. However much even intelligent economic readjustment may help, yet "causes that are deeply rooted in ourselves" and "the faults materially to lessen which in ourselves is a life time's task" are largely the reason why our social system works so badly.

In telling his story Fremont Older reveals himself as an intense, hyper-energized man, not incapable of hysteria, expending every atom of energy in a contest and afterwards suffering, in revulsion, a crisis of disillusionment and self-questioning; susceptible to idealism in others because in essence an idealist himself, though late to discover himself as such; a man of rare, wide-armed tenderness and of imaginative sympathy with the evil-doing victims of neither they nor we know what. His conclusion is that "we should no longer judge, 'leaving justice to God who knows all things, and content ourselves with mercy whose mistakes are not so irreparable.'"

State and National Budgets

The Movement for Budgetary Reform in the States. By W. F. Willoughby. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

The Problem of a National Budget. By W. F. Willoughby. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

THE two volumes by Mr. Willoughby on budgetary problems and reforms are supplementary not only in subject matter but in methods of approach to it. In dealing with the budget movement in the States, Mr. Willoughby confines himself to a record of legislation, its analysis, and some general though thoughtful observations. In treating the yet unsolved problem of the national budget, he discusses the nature of the budget, the difficulties of securing efficient financial administration in American government, the means of adapting the executive budget as it occurs in other nations to meet these special difficulties, and the consequent far-reaching changes necessary in our whole governmental scheme. The one volume embodies history; the other theory. As for the former, most readers will be surprised to learn that the State movement has progressed so far—Mr. Willoughby confesses that his investigations surprised himself. We know that Maryland had a genuine political campaign over the issue, that in Illinois an executive budget is a part of Governor Lowden's admirable reforms, and that in California it is said that any politician who proposed a return to the old financial system would be thought fit for a madhouse. But we also know that Governor Whitman failed miserably to give New York a real executive budget; that our second State, Pennsylvania, is also lamentably wasteful; and that the South is virtually untouched by the movement. The modern budget movement originated in the cities; the slowness of its adoption by the States is due primarily to their lack of executive centralization.

Mr. Willoughby lists twenty-six States which have taken "the fundamental primary step" towards a sound budget system—that step being adoption of a plan by which all estimates go before the Legislature in a single consolidated form. His classification would be clearer and less likely to inculcate dangerous optimism had he shown more decisively the distinction between States which have consolidated their financial estimates while still cleaving to the legislative budget, and those which have gone boldly over to the executively formulated budget; and had he been more emphatic in his comment on the folly of merely paltering with budget reform. Some States give the task of budget-making to a board which is made up chiefly of chairmen of legislative appropriation committees and other men not under the Governor's influence—which is no executive budget. Again, States like New York, Massachusetts, Iowa, and Oregon are among Mr. Willoughby's twenty-six, but their budget systems are so rudimentary as to be almost useless. The States with really good budget systems are Maryland, Utah, and New Mexico, which do not allow the Legislature to increase items in the executive budget; Virginia and Delaware, which limit the legislative right to modify budgets; California and Illinois, which have made the budget part of a scheme of general reorganization of government; and, on a lower plane, Minnesota, Nebraska, New Jersey, Tennessee, and perhaps Kansas and Ohio. But Mr. Willoughby makes it clear that no State can have an ideal budget system until it has made its executive, who should be charged with formulating the budget, the actual and powerful head of an integrated administrative system. The Governor must appoint departmental heads, and supervise and coördinate their work. In other words, the current movement for the centralization of State Governments must precede or accompany the movement for proper State budgets.

The question of a national executive budget bears some resemblance to that of a State budget in that its whole-hearted adoption will demand a thorough overhauling of the administrative machine. Mr. Willoughby believes that three steps are required. The first is the grant to the President of the power of formulating an annual budget; the second the creation of a special office through which the President can effectively direct and control all the Government's administrative activities; and the third is a concentration of Congressional attention upon the budget by (1) the substitution of a single budget committee in the House for the tangle of committees that now consider appropriations, and (2) the coördination of budget procedure in House and Senate, as through the appointment of a joint committee on budget. This scheme is nothing if not bold. As developed by Mr. Willoughby, it becomes bolder still. The special office to assist the President in administration would be nothing less than a central bureau of executive work. It would correlate and adjust all the departments, bureaus, and offices of the Government; would standardize their organization, personnel, equipment, and procedure; would keep the President informed of their operation and the way they transform Presidential orders into practice; and, finally, would assemble departmental estimates and work them into a budget for the President to present to Congress. To be sure, the Council of National Defence was in some degree meant to be just such a central coördinating bureau; but it failed to be one. As for Congress, Mr. Willoughby would have it realize clearly the distinction between its law-making functions and the functions it exercises, in the enactment of administrative orders, as a "board of directors" of the Administration. To perform properly the latter functions it must reorganize itself, with a system of committees approximating the system of executive organization of the Government. It could then consider in detail the establishment of effective working relations between it and each executive branch.

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A Scientist's Religion

A Not Impossible Religion. By Silvanus P. Thompson. New York: John Lane Company.

DR. THOMPSON'S book has for its main object an exposition of the Christian religion which will prove reasonable and acceptable to such earnest-minded persons as have been prevented from embracing that religion by their sense of what, to them, are the inconsistencies, incredibilities, and unfounded assumptions in the accumulated mass of ecclesiastical dogma. In this respect, and in many of its arguments, it does not differ greatly from scores of comparatively recent volumes, proceeding from independent or denominational sources, beneath whose weight the shelves of theological libraries groan. But it has a special significance of its own, because it is written, without a hint of sectarian spirit, by a layman, an eminent scholar and scientist, in a mood of passionate evangelical devotion, tempered by logical habit of mind. Briefly stated, his attitude is that of a primitive or apostolic Christian.

When this has been said it will be apparent that the author is, or was (for this is a posthumous work), a firm believer in the divine inspiration of the Bible, and herein for the sturdy agnostic will lie the fundamental weakness of his thesis. But in his treatment of the Old and New Testament writings he does not shrink from adopting the views of advanced critical scholarship. He does not hesitate to grant the admixture of legend, poetry, and pagan myth in the one, or of occasional glosses, errors, and additions in the other. In both he recognizes a great body of historic and revealed truth amply sufficient to justify the common belief in the divine creation and ordering of the universe and a consistent plea for the development of mankind. Here he does not stray far beyond the pale of ordinary clerical orthodoxy. It is when he comes to consider the personality, mission, and purpose of Jesus Christ that he vehemently assails nearly all the teachings of the churches.

Neither saint nor sinner doubts the evil that has been done throughout the centuries to the cause of religion by the endless disputes over man-made creeds and dogmas. For generations they have constituted a scandal, the enormity and destructiveness of which the various churches are only now beginning to realize. Dr. Thompson, with vigorous scorn, lays his axe to the roots of those which, by one denomination or another, have been represented as the most vital. But he does this, not with the reckless fury of an iconoclast, smashing without reference to values, but with the discrimination of an expert in real textual significance. He rests his case largely upon niceties of translation in which he can look for the support of sound scholarship. Some of his assertions will no doubt sound blasphemous to the ears of the orthodox believers in many creeds, even though these assertions do not undermine all the foundations of Christian faith.

The doctrines of the Trinity, the Atonement, and the Virgin Birth he discards utterly, maintaining that they are the inventions of post-apostolic theology, and that there is nothing in the New Testament text to support them. The Greek word "monogenes," he argues, should be translated "unique," and not "only begotten." That Jesus was divine, by nature and origin, he does not doubt; but it is, he insists, upon his being also actually and wholly the "son of man" that the recognition of him as the savior of humanity must rest. To suggest that, while on earth, he was fortified by a reserve of divine power—was, in fact, of a double nature—is, he points out, not only to detract from the perfection of his character and the significance of his example, but to weaken the hope of the divine brotherhood of man. His true and sole mission was to reveal, by his life, words, and works, the possibilities of mankind in the scheme of creation as designed by a loving God, and to show, by his fidelity to his own precepts, and finally by his death and resurrection, the way to eternal life and the establishment, now and hereafter, of God's kingdom in the hearts of men. In other words, he came to teach men how to save themselves.

Any idea of ransom or sacrifice in connection with the Crucifixion is, in Dr. Thompson's view, akin to sin against the Holy Ghost—a bit of savage superstition arising from the Jewish familiarity with heathen customs. To him God, from the beginning, has been the God of Love, and the good tidings of Christ is purely the Gospel, not of Redemption, but of the Resurrection, in which those of the Kingdom, or his spiritual brotherhood, will share. It is not surprising to find the author ranking the sacramental ordinances of the church—baptism, confirmation, the Lord's Supper, and so forth—among minor superstitions; but in his ardor for the letter of the New Testament he is not always entirely just in denouncing as idolatrous a "symbolism" which, in many cases, does not in the least degree conflict with his own spiritual theories. In these, of course, justification by faith, without works, has no place. It is the loftiest idealism, summed up in the words "Follow Me," with all their implications, that he preaches, and there never was a time in the history of the world when such a message might have come with greater pregnancy. Old as it is, and often as it has been vainly repeated, there yet remains the hope that it may be recognized, and obeyed, as the embodiment of the soundest and wisest social philosophy, if not as the assurance of eternal felicity. But that argument, it is to be feared, savors of the materialism which to Dr. Thompson is the deadliest of abominations.

"Genius" Again

Martin Schüler. By Romer Wilson. New York: Henry Holt & Company.

"MARTIN SCHULER" has been received by certain British reviewers with an enthusiasm not, as we think of it, without parallel in recent years. The superlatives employed by the assayers of the London *Times* and *Daily News* have been employed before. And the experienced reader of newspaper reviews will not be overwhelmed even by the *Westminster Gazette's* discovery that this book is "the most remarkable analytical novel ever written by an Englishwoman . . . that work of the younger generation for which we have been waiting . . . the first fine novel of the age." The same things, or very similar things, have been said about other recent novel-writing Englishwomen, with what appears to be an equal approximation of truth: about "F. Tennyson Jesse," for example, and her "Secret Bread," or about Mary Webb and her "Gone to Earth." There are, in fact, a good many Englishwomen now pursuing the analytic path, it may be too consciously on the masculine side of it (or shall we say the non-feminine side of it?), but with free gait and uncompromising eye. Most of them, it is noticeable, deal chiefly with the predatory male in one or another of his common manifestations. Among the commonest, we should say, is that of the gentleman of temperament or, speaking more reverently, the genius. We confess that to our mind "Martin Schüler" throws little or no fresh light upon this phenomenon. The author simply adopts and plays a variation upon the popular theme of the genius as an unpleasant, irresponsible egotist—irresponsible save to those moods in which the divine spark controls him to the great ends of art. His way passes over the bodies and the hearts of women, he draws from the generosity or the acquiescence of others the mysterious sustenance of his inspiration. He is of no use to anybody in the world unless in his capacity of artist—nay he is of no human use to anybody precisely because he *is* an artist. We hear at the beginning (the author speaking) of "the divine uneasiness of genius"—divine, we gather, because inhuman: "One is tempted to believe that great poets are always in a state of uneasiness and unrest, always unhappy, unbearable, and morose, always top-heavy, with no sense of balance, with eyes straining into heaven unmindful of the lesser things of life. Great poets should be selfish and exacting, should have strange habits and wear strange clothes, should have an excess of one virtue or one vice." Moreover, since "all poets are great poets," we must hope to find everywhere a lot of people strange and selfish and mannered

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and unbalanced and mysteriously immune from the inhibitions and the decencies that bother the rest of us, humble and uninspired as we are. All of which should be comfortable doctrine for the silliest and sorriest of Greenwich Villagers in any clime or age.

But it is not comfortable or sensible doctrine for the rest of us. What we know of real poets and geniuses, great and small, quite fails to bear it out. We are comfortably aware that, taking them in the large, they have not been a race of cads or rascals or monsters of selfishness or poor fellows raving on the verge of insanity. And we have a tolerably impressive body of evidence that their best work has been the product of their strength, their super-sanity, rather than of their irresponsibility or weakness. Like most books of its kind, "Martin Schüler" demands two acts of faith of its readers. We must believe, on the author's word, that the central figure was really a creative genius, and produced at least one masterpiece of art; and we must believe that this great achievement was the direct product of the ruthlessness and eccentricity and egotism which rule his conduct. It is impossible and unnecessary to say where his queerness or his diabolism ends and his greatness or his divinity begins. Martin Schüler is a German, but it is beside the mark to say, as at least one American reviewer has already said, that this is a study of Prussianism; unless we define Prussianism as the arrogation to itself by a whole nation of the privileges and divinity of genius—the genius of popular fable. Martin Schüler happens to be a youth of Heidelberg, but he may be found, attic, piano, wild eye, and all, in any considerable community the occidental world over. At twenty he is "a hot Wagnerite and hoped, if possible, to create a counter-type of Tristan and Isolde and one or two Götterdämmerungs." So he casts about for an idea for his masterpiece, and grasps at a Slav fable of nine enchanted peahens and a prince, a fable desirable largely "because operatic music seems a misfit on the back of truth." He then enlists the aid of a fellow-genius, the diseased and half-starved poet Werner, who, after completing a rough draft of the "book," naturalistically dies. Schüler steals the manuscript poem of the peahens from under the poet's dead body. But he does not even glance at it till many years later. Meanwhile, he is to take his fill of the world, without penalty and without ruth. After the casual seduction of a girl-friend he has only a feeling of complacent comfort. He is "momentarily complete, perfectly wedded, perfectly divorced. Love and fancy had vanished, and his thought, fitting perfectly to the rhythm of the clanking train, found him pure, virgin as white snow, master of himself, isolated, a monk, above his companions in virtue and in everything else, alone in their midst, inhuman, silent, and remote." Requiescat Lili!—he has nothing more to do with her. Later he has a serious affair with a beautiful and devoted woman, a temporary marriage without the contract, from which he withdraws as soon as her devotion begins to pall on him. She also has served her purpose. The only woman who is to help him to his real achievement is a light and silly woman of fashion, a married Sophie of Berlin. He does not tire of her because she does not ask too much, so that she remains necessary to him after their passion has waned. The upshot of it all is that he rouses himself, after many years, to the realization that he has won fame as a maker of popular songs, a compounder of light operas. He withdraws from the world, and in the Black Forest, with much agony and gesticulation, composes, upon the old theme of the peahens and with the aid of Werner's poem, his single masterpiece. At the supreme moment of triumph, when the last chord of the grand opera has sounded and all eyes are turned towards the great man who made it, he falls dead. It is all an old theme handled in the Continental method of a dry and minute attention to (convenient) details: the work of an Englishwoman so thoroughly saturated in the northern naturalistic literature that her book reads like an immensely clever translation from some well-known Slav to whom we cannot quite give a local habitation and a name.

Books in Brief

OF special interest for the study of the French attitude upon the question of the western frontier of Germany, now an almost daily subject of despatches from Paris, is Louis Madelin's "L'Expansion française de la Syrie au Rhin" (Paris: Plon). The author is one of the ablest of the younger French historians. It is the tone and content of his long Introduction, written in 1917, rather than the substance of the book (made up of popular lectures delivered prior to the war) which are of immediate concern. The thesis illustrates the curious revival in France of the doctrine of the "natural frontiers," which so powerfully influenced the popular mind during the Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars. Then, as now, the French leaders were embarrassed by the conflict between their ideal principles and their national ambitions. In 1791 they had solemnly renounced wars of conquest; but after the successful campaign of 1792 they were anxious to annex Savoy, the Austrian Netherlands, and the German states west of the Rhine. A passage in Rousseau pointed a way out of their predicament. He had referred to the Alps and the Rhine as "limits traced by nature" to European states. Accordingly Grégoire, speaking for the Diplomatic Committee on November 27, 1792, and Danton, as a special commissioner to the Netherlands, on January 31, 1793, declared the Rhine and the Alps to be the natural frontiers of the French Republic. The same idea, be it dream or doctrine, M. Madelin urges without qualification or apology, although he cannot be unaware that geographers no longer regard rivers as natural frontiers or even as effective military barriers. His argument is partly historical, for he contends that the territory on the left bank of the Rhine has been the "Eastern March" of France ever since the period of Roman Gaul. Only through a misconception of the significance of the Treaty of Verdun have these lands, he explains, come to be regarded as German. Because the Carolingian line failed, the imperial title, together with Lotharingia, went to German kings. This, M. Madelin insists, could not make Gallic and Frankish lands German. He reminds us also that the heirs of "Francia" protested at the usurpation of the territory, if not of the title. He regards the battle of the Bouvines as the beginning of serious attempts on the part of the French kings to recover the lost "march." The argument is ingenious but not convincing. It takes little account of the shiftings of racial boundaries which time may effect. And it proves too much, for it implies that Belgium as well as Rhenish Prussia and the Bavarian Palatinate should be annexed to France. In his brilliant volume on the Revolution, M. Madelin does not appear to encourage such extreme views. There he refers to the doctrine of the "natural frontiers" as a "formula," and remarks that its acceptance involved France "in a long adventure."

MAETERLINCK'S war play, "The Burgomaster of Stilemonde" (Dodd, Mead), which is now being produced in this country, inevitably appeals to us strongly from two points of view: it interests us as a war document, and as a play by M. Maeterlinck. If we are to judge it fairly, it is important to distinguish clearly between these two appeals. As a war document, "The Burgomaster of Stilemonde" is immensely effective. Its theme is the contrast between the chivalrous honor, the clear moral perceptions, the enlightened humanity of Belgium, in the person of the Burgomaster, and the machine-mindedness, the fatal moral obtuseness of Germany, in the persons of Lieutenant Otto Hilmer, the Burgomaster's son-in-law, and Major Baron von Rochow, in command of the German detachment at Stilemonde. The contrast is all the more striking because of the scrupulous moderation and the apparent fairness with which the author puts his case. The Germans themselves could scarcely complain of his representation of them. The military execution of the Burgomaster is in strict accordance with German military law; from the German point of view, it is a mild

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punishment for the shooting of a German officer on his grounds. The Major does not even insist that the Burgomaster shall himself pay the penalty; he will be content if the Burgomaster will deliver up the old gardener who was found near the spot where the officer fell. As a matter of example in discipline, he at first insists that Lieutenant Hilmer, the only remaining officer in his command, shall give the order to the firing-squad which is to shoot his father-in-law. Otto, at his wife's wish, refuses, though he knows the refusal means his death also; but the Burgomaster persuades his daughter to give her assent, and Otto to obey his superior. The Major thereupon relieves Hilmer of the odious duty, and assumes it himself. Maeterlinck thus represents the Germans at their best; the more startling is the contrast between them and the quiet Belgian family to whom they bring ruin. After the situation has been presented in the first act and the beginning of the second, the play is devoted mainly to discussions between the Burgomaster, his son-in-law, and his daughter as to how each ought to act. As a reasoned dialogue developing the contrast between two philosophies of life, the play is admirable for its moderation, for its clear and delicate ethical discriminations. Its emotional appeal is of course powerfully reinforced by fresh and terrible recollections. Yet it is by no means a great play. The characters are scarcely individuals; they are only the mouthpieces of nations. The dialogue has nothing like the flexible life-likeness of, for example, Mr. Galsworthy's; unless the translation does it grave injustice, it is artificial and at times mechanical. The occasional attempts at colloquial realism, such as "Tell your horrible Kaiser to put that in his pipe and smoke it!" are curiously out of keeping with the finished prose of the discussions. The wounded soldier who appears in the first scene has no part in the story except to be a listener to the necessary exposition, and to supply a suggestion of the appalling background. M. Maeterlinck will win no new honors as a realist from this production.

IN a small volume of some two hundred and fifty pages, Professor C. H. Ambler, of Randolph-Macon College, has published "The Life and Diary of John Floyd" (Richmond Press). The best half of the book is a memoir of Floyd, which unfortunately is too brief to be complete. Floyd represented Virginia in Congress from 1817 until 1829, when he declined reelection in the expectation of being taken into Jackson's Administration. Disappointed in this expectation, he was in 1830 elected Governor of his State, and was continued in that office until 1834, when under the new constitution he became ineligible to reëlection. Governor Floyd's title to fame rests upon the fact that as a member of Congress he was the first man to urge the occupation and organization of Oregon. In 1820 he secured the appointment of a committee from which in the following year he made an able report in support of this policy. From 1821 to 1824 he presented various resolutions and bills for this purpose, one of which finally passed the House but was defeated in the Senate. After the continuance of joint occupation by the treaty of 1827 with Great Britain, Floyd renewed his efforts in behalf of immediate action, but failed to secure the support even of the House. Floyd's early activity in behalf of the occupation of Oregon was first clearly recognized by the late Edward G. Bourne in an address delivered in 1905 at the centennial celebration of the Lewis and Clark expedition in Portland, in which Professor Bourne accurately described Floyd as "the prophet of the commercial future of the Pacific Northwest." Mr. Ambler's phrase "father of Oregon," which he applies to Floyd, is an exaggeration. Floyd is entitled to credit for his foresight in being the first to realize the importance of Oregon, but his activity had no other result than to attach to the region the name that had been previously applied to the Columbia River. The name is therefore the most of which Floyd can be called the father. There is little reason to think that the subsequent history of Oregon would have been different had he never lived. The second half of the book reproduces from the manuscript in private hands a diary that Floyd kept during the greater part of his service as Governor of Virginia. Floyd joined the Calhoun faction, and the diary is of some interest in reflecting the point of view of the opposition to Jackson within his own party, but in other respects is disappointing. It would have been better if Mr. Ambler had enlarged the memoir, even if it had been necessary to omit the diary. Adequate biographies of minor men of local influence are a great help to the understanding of historical movements, since such men are distinctly representative of the class and section to which they belong.

VIEWING the "cities movement" over the space of a generation, it is easy to see that the practice of municipal house-cleaning has been a moralizing element in political life. The president of the New York State Conference of Mayors, who introduces the volume by William P. Capes and Jeanne R. Carpenter on "Municipal House-cleaning" (Dutton), observes with much pertinence that "the time when public office was held by the grace of God and the majority of votes has become almost a thing of the past." This result must be attributed in no small measure to an appreciation by the ordinary citizen of the demoralizing effects of putrid streets and dark alleys, of polluted rivers and diseased habitations. The city officials who have grappled with the technical problems relating to street-cleaning, sewage-disposal, and the like, are in demand. It is out of the experience of these men that the present volume has been written. In response to "the hundreds of questions which have come to the State Bureau of Municipal Information from city officials in their effort either to establish efficient systems or to reorganize existing ones," a large body of data has been collected from sanitary engineers on the subject of municipal sanitation. In order to supplement this expert advice, inquiries by questionnaire have drawn forth statistics from various cities on the manner of organization, process of work, appraisal of costs, and success of rival methods; with the result that the authors are able to make a comparative survey of the current practices in eliminating the nuisances caused by ashes, rubbish, garbage, sewage, and dirty streets. The problem for the city official is to reach a working compromise between the ideal method of waste-disposal and the costs which the municipal traffic will bear. Consultation of the seven comprehensive tables that cover the field of municipal house-cleaning in cities ranging in size from New York to Olean should obviate much of the necessity for direct correspondence with bureaus of municipal research over the applicability of any particular system to a town of a particular size. "Municipal House-cleaning" makes generally available much information that has heretofore been supplied only on specific inquiry.

SOMEWHAT belated by the war, but nevertheless heartily welcome, is the Brontë memorial volume, "Charlotte Brontë, 1816-1916: A Centenary Memorial" (Dutton), prepared by the Brontë Society and edited by its bibliographical secretary, Mr. Butler Wood. It is a modest volume of 330 pages, of which about one-half is new, the other half being taken up with a reprint of the best articles found in the Transactions of the Brontë Society, the work of the late Dr. Garnett, Sir Sidney Lee, Professor Vaughan, Halliwell Sutcliffe, and J. Keighley Snowden. The new material includes "Some Thoughts on Charlotte Brontë," by Mrs. Humphry Ward, president of the Brontë Society; "A Word on Charlotte Brontë," by Edmund Gosse; "Charlotte Brontë: A Personal Sketch," by A. C. Benson; Bishop Welldon's centenary address at Haworth; "Charlotte Brontë in Brussels," by M. H. Spielmann (reprinted with additions from the London *Times* for April 13, 1916); "The Story of the Brontë Society," by H. E. Wroot; and "A Brontë Itinerary," by Butler Wood. As a group the criticisms and appreciations are marked by sobriety and moderation, and are all in good taste. Mr. Chesterton, with his usual fondness for paradox, tells us that Charlotte Brontë was both a romantic and a realist, for romanticism is a spirit while realism is a convention. This, while not espe-

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Those who are standing on the track madly waving their arms while "Bolshevism" advances at sixty miles an hour may employ themselves more constructively by reading

The British Revolution and the American Democracy

by NORMAN ANGELL

The startlingly rapid changes in the British labor situation and in the governments of Europe, not to mention the spirit of '76 that is being rekindled in America, emphasize the timeliness of this new book that is already in a second edition.

"What quality distinguishes Norman Angell among social pamphleteers in the English-speaking world?" asks FRANCIS HACKETT in *The New Republic*. "How is he distinguished among the great gang of writers who interpret and advise society?" And from Mr. Hackett's answer of one and one-half pages we quote: "Principally, it is clear, by the moral quality which pervades everything he says. . . He is untrammeled except by conviction. . . To reasonableness, to the use of his imagination for the other man, he is finely faithful, and in his own discussion he exemplifies those principles of free discussion by which he stands."

"It is a book for employer and employe, for radical and conservative. Its admirable temper, if universally followed, would make social progress easy and painless," says the Philadelphia *Press*. And on the next day the New York *American* commented thus: "The book will help to crystallize for many a bewildered citizen of today's chaotic world numerous important but vaguely understood questions of which it behooves every intelligent person to have a clear conception." In Baltimore A. F. L., in the course of a column of praise and excerpts in the *Sun*, wrote: "Angell is be congratulated on having in those pages [189-295] which are remarkable, afforded a treat and rendered a conspicuous service to brains which are able to function and unafraid to fight."

An important concluding section under the significant title "The Dangers," consists of these three chapters: A Society of Free Men or the Servile State?; The Herd and its Hatred of Freedom; Why Freedom Matters. There are two appendices: The Report of the British Labor Party on Reconstruction and the little known (on this side) but important Lansbury-*Herald* Proposal. (Cloth, $1.50)

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cially illuminating, is eminently characteristic of the critic who finds "Jane Eyre" to be one of the best detective stories in the world. The world can never have too many good detective stories; it has long suffered from a plethora of the befuddling and often inconsequential "criticism" of which Mr. Chesterton is a past master. The remarks of Mrs. Ward, Mr. Gosse, and Mr. Benson are instructive; while for those whose interest in the Brontë stories is topographical and personal, Mr. Spielmann's study of the Brussels scenes and Mr. Wood's itinerary will be found valuable. There are thirty-one good maps and illustrations.

THE result of long personal experience in England with various aspects of children's problems, Mr. W. Clarke Hall's "The State and the Child" (Stokes) discusses the delinquent and the illegitimate child, children's courts, and the different modes of treatment, such as probation and reformatory and industrial schools; it compares the offences, the ages of the children, and the methods of treatment with the records of the New York Children's Court. "The purely pathological view of child delinquency," Mr. Hall says, "permeates all American ideas of probation and detention, and wholly eliminates mere punishment." The author sympathizes with this point of view, though he admits that "the offences of some children are beyond all question brought about, mainly at least, by adverse social, physical or mental conditions, while the offences of others appear to arise from sheer wilful badness," which necessitates deterrent punishment. The cumbersomeness of English court procedure has been carried over into the children's court—an effect of tradition which America happily has been able to escape. There are likewise English traditions of treatment—birching and the like, the oppressive and over-godly institutionalism of children's homes and reformatories, the rigid discipline that levels individuality—which the better thought of both countries is opposed to. While treatment by means of probation or adjournment is more widely advocated in England, the reform and industrial schools are being placed on a broader and more truly reformative basis, in an effort to utilize rather than to suppress the mental and bodily activity that may have been responsible for the children's original collision with law and order. The reckless waste of childhood through the infliction of a monotonous school curriculum, monotonous premature labor, and punishment that serves to deepen the wrong already done, is being frankly acknowledged on both sides of the water. A study such as the present volume, which describes in so human and readable a way the experiments of English workers, will be extremely helpful to American readers.

A VIVID description of a vast but little-known region is contained in Bishop Gilbert White's "Thirty Years in Tropical Australia" (Macmillan). But for a narrow strip of fertile coast land, the country described is practically uninhabited, though it is rich in undeveloped agricultural, mineral, and pastoral wealth. Two incidents related by the author illustrate its mineral resources and possibilities. "In Pine Creek I saw a curious sight. The Chinese were sweeping up the dust off the road and washing it for gold." In a near-by station of a white man, "about a hundred yards from the house I noticed a tank of water, and learnt that his second son (*aet.* eleven) had set up a claim in the yard, at which he worked diligently as soon as he got back from school; he had made his own cradle and implements, and actually succeeded in getting a very appreciable quantity of gold." From his own experience Bishop White is able to throw much light on the problems which confront the Australian of today. Shall the Asiatic be permitted to enter this vast region, two-thirds as large as the United States, in which white labor is impossible for climatic reasons, or shall he continue to be prohibited as he is now? In addition to the account of his diocesan work, Bishop White tells of a very unusual trip which he made through the heart of the continent, and of a memorable journey with Bishop Brent in the Philippines. It is a matter of regret that the book was not more carefully edited before publication, as there are many tiresome repetitions of experiences during the author's visits to the various stations of his extensive diocese. The illustrations add much to the attractiveness of the volume.

IF one desires a book agreeably illustrative of the old-time methods by which clever women have gracefully and unobtrusively made their influence felt in public and political life, such a book is to be found in Elizabeth Lee's "Wives of the Prime Ministers" (Dutton). Lady Caroline Lamb, whose name heads the list, did not live to see her husband Prime Minister, and a similar misfortune has excluded from the book several characters that might otherwise have adorned its pages; but interest in her brilliant and erratic personality may justify her inclusion. Mrs. Humphry Ward has made us so well acquainted with Lady Caroline, in the person of William Ashe's frivolous young wife, that now her actual biography reads like a twice-told tale—but is none the worse for that. The other members of this distinguished company are the wives of Peel, Russell, Palmerston, Disraeli, Gladstone, Salisbury, and Campbell-Bannerman. To Mrs. Gladstone is devoted by far the longest chapter, and she is worthy of it; but Lady Palmerston is the leading political personage among these dames of high degree, enjoying a prestige comparable with that of Lady Holland. The chapters form a readable account of Victorian social life in political circles, recalling certain quaintly interesting manners and customs now fast giving place to a new order of things.

HIS own city rather than American cities in general is the main subject of "Our Cities Awake," by Morris Llewellyn Cooke, Director of Public Works of Philadelphia under Mayor Rudolph Blankenburg (Doubleday, Page). The volume teems with information upon every aspect of municipal policy and administration. Mr. Cooke does not hesitate to draw conclusions from his own experience, but wisely gives the bulk of his space to facts. The most interesting parts of his book are those detailing the struggle of the Blankenburg administration with the politicians in and out of office. Interesting also is his story of publicity campaigns designed to arouse the people of the city upon a particular matter, as economy in the use of water. Over and over, in various connections, he brings out the clash between private and public interests, from the improper use of city-owned property to the dishonest work of large contractors. Mr. Cooke has no taste for catch-words. He has grave doubts of the effectiveness of the merit system, for instance, unless it is modified so as to allow the appointing official to obtain an expert who would not be willing to submit to the usual examination. His book needs an index, and could have been more invitingly written, but it is a practical encyclopædia of municipal pitfalls and safeguards.

THANKS to a scholarly subsidized press, Chateaubriand's epical romance of American Indian life is now to be published in a critical edition. "Les Natchez: Livres I et II," edited by Dr. Gilbert Chinard (University of California Publications) embodies the first instalment of this romance, drawn, with "Atala" and "René," from the huge folio MS. of 2380 pages which the author left behind in London when he returned to Paris in 1800. Not published until 1825 and overshadowed by his previous masterpieces, it does, however, represent his literary beginnings from the voyage to America (1791) through his seven-years' exile in England with the Emigrés; in "Les Natchez" one can best trace the development of that genius which was to "renew the French imagination." And Dr. Chinard, long a devoted student of Chateaubriand, indicates in preface and notes the variety of his author's sources and the vigor of his memory. Sources are indispensable if one is to describe Louisiana without having seen it, as Dr. Bédier had shown; and the researches of the present editor justify the conclusion that, despite his imagination, Chateaubriand ventured little save in

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combining the facts so laboriously gleaned in French and English voyages of the time. To this "local color" he added reminiscences of Homer, Virgil, and Tasso—was he not planning an epic? So the raw pigment of Indian vocabulary gives way to suave invocations to the Muse, or to gems of pseudo-classical periphrasis like this sublimation of the musket: "a flaming tube surmounted by the glaive of Bayonne!"

EX-GOVERNOR Simeon E. Baldwin of Connecticut has written and privately printed a memoir of his grandfather, under the title "Life and Letters of Simeon Baldwin," for the purpose partly of introducing an ancestor to his remote descendants and partly of picturing the life and manners of a former generation. The work is interesting, and has considerable historical value in throwing light on the customs of Connecticut from the time of the Revolution to 1850, the more important period being that before 1800. Simeon Baldwin graduated from Yale in 1781, and was a life-long resident of New Haven, except for two years as a tutor in Albany and two years as a congressman in Washington. For twelve years he was a member of the highest court in his state and for fifty years a practicing lawyer. He was a son-in-law of Roger Sherman, and a father and grandfather of Governors of Connecticut. He never became, as his grandson says, a great scholar, a great lawyer, a great statesman, or a great judge; but he did outdistance mediocrity, though never attaining in any direction the highest rank. This biography of him is chiefly valuable for the documents that it contains—letters, diaries, and journals, here printed sometimes in the form of extracts and sometimes in full.

THE title, "A Century of Science in America" (Yale Press), as given to the handsome octavo volume edited by Professor Edward Salisbury Dana, is somewhat misleading. The book is in no sense a general treatise on science, but is in reality a publication issued to celebrate the centenary of the *American Journal of Science*. On the first title-page of this famous journal we read that it is to deal more especially with mineralogy and geology, and nine-tenths of the present volume has to do with these sciences. Professor Dana contributes a chapter on the history of the *Journal of Science* from 1818 to 1918; in the following essays, various authors deal respectively with the century's achievement in Geology, Land Forms and Earth Structure, Palæontology, Petrology, Mineralogy, Chemistry, and Physics. The two final chapters, covering about fifty pages, present a superficial review of the corresponding advance of Zoölogy and Botany, thus barely justifying the major title of the volume. The chapters vary greatly in value as well as in method of treatment; but on the whole they are well done, and give an excellent summary of the progress of the inorganic sciences during the last hundred years in America.

COUNT no man happy until he is dead, sagely advises Solon, according to Herodotus. Mr. James Morgan, in adding some concluding pages to his "Theodore Roosevelt: The Boy and the Man" (Macmillan), a popular biographical sketch that first appeared twelve years ago, finds his hero the very type and model of true Americanism "even in death" and from his "modest grave" at Oyster Bay still bearing "mute testimony" to the virtues exemplified in his life. These closing passages are gathered into two short chapters, "From White House to Jungle" and "The Bull Moose and the Last Years," covering in briefest outline the last dozen years of Roosevelt's life and deepening the impression of the man's exceptionally forceful and attractive personality. The loyal biographer assures us that "Roosevelt did not betray the Republican party to its overwhelming defeat when he abandoned it in 1912," but that "it was betrayed to that disaster when it abandoned his leadership in 1909." And so the final strokes are added to the portrait of as masterful and salient a personality as painter could desire for his brush.

The Pick of the Spring Books

A selected list of the more interesting and important publications of the present spring season, conveniently classified under various subject headings. Limitations of space have made it necessary to exclude certain departments, such as fiction, religious books, school and college texts, and others. In the case of books not yet issued, the prices given are tentative only.

GENERAL LITERATURE

The Letters of Swinburne. Edited by Edmund Gosse and T. J. Wise. Lane. $5.

Rousseau and Romanticism. By Irving Babbitt. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

The New Era in American Poetry. By Louis Untermeyer. Holt. $2.50.

A New Study of English Poetry. By Henry Newbolt. Dutton.

Convention and Revolt in Poetry. By John L. Lowes. Houghton Mifflin. $1.75.

New Voices: An Introduction to Contemporary Poetry. By Marguerite Wilkinson. Macmillan. $1.50.

Shakespeare's "King John," Variorum edition. Edited by Horace Howard Furness, Jr. Lippincott. $5.

The American Language. By H. L. Mencken. Knopf. $4.

Letters of Horace Walpole, Supplementary Volumes. Edited by Paget Toynbee. Oxford Press.

Anatole France. By Lewis P. Shanks. Open Court Publishing Company.

The Candle of Vision. By "A. E." (George W. Russell). Macmillan. $1.60.

The Women Novelists. By R. Brimley Johnson. Scribner. $2.

The English Village: A Literary Study. By Julia Patton. Macmillan. $1.50.

A Gentle Cynic: The Book of Ecclesiastes. By Morris Jastrow, jr. Lippincott. $2.

Currents and Eddies in the English Romantic Generation. By Frederick E. Pierce. Yale Press. $3.

The Symbolist Movement in Literature. By Arthur Symons. New and enlarged edition. Dutton.

Leaves in the Wind. By "Alpha of the Plough." Dutton. $2.

Domus Doloris. By W. Compton Leith. Lane. $1.50.

The Erotic Motive in Literature. By Albert Mordell. Boni & Liveright. $1.75.

English Literature During the Last Half Century. By John W. Cunliffe. Macmillan. $2.

Walled Towns. By Ralph Adams Cram. Marshall Jones. $1.

The New Elizabethans. Edited by E. B. Osborn. Lane. $3.50.

In the Key of Blue, and Other Prose Essays. By John Addington Symonds. Macmillan. $1.50.

Last and First: Two Unpublished Essays. By John Addington Symonds. N. L. Brown. $1.50.

Beyond Life. By James Branch Cabell. McBride. $1.50.

Essays, Irish and American. By John Butler Yeats. Macmillan.

A Book of Prefaces. By Don Marquis. Appleton. $1.50.

The Quest of the Ballad. By W. R. Mackenzie. Princeton Press. $1.50.

Dickens, Reade, and Collins: Sensation Novelists. By Walter C. Phillips. Columbia Press. $1.50.

Letters of Harry J. Smith. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

Types of Pan. By Keith Preston. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25.

Twelve Men. By Theodore Dreiser. Boni & Liveright. $1.75.

An Outline of Spanish Literature. By J. D. M. Ford. Holt. $2.

A General Sketch of European Literature. By Laurie Magnus. Dutton.

A Guide to Russian Literature. By Moissaye J. Olgin. Holt. $1.50.

Dante. By Henry D. Sedgwick. Yale Press. $1.50.

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ECONOMIC PRIZES

SIXTEENTH YEAR

In order to arouse an interest in the study of topics relating to commerce and industry, and to stimulate those who have a college training to consider the problems of a business career, a committee composed of

Professor J. Laurence Laughlin, University of Chicago, Chairman
Professor J. B. Clark, Columbia University
Professor Henry C. Adams, University of Michigan
Hon. Theodore E. Burton, New York City, and
Professor Edwin F. Gay, Harvard University

has been enabled, through the generosity of Messrs. Hart Schaffner & Marx of Chicago, to offer in 1920 four prizes for the best studies in the economic field.

In addition to the subjects printed below, we will send on request a list of available subjects proposed in past years appears on the inside sheet. Attention is expressly called to the rule that a competitor is not confined to topics proposed in the announcements of this committee, but any other subject chosen must first be approved by it.

1. On what economic basis can a League of Nations be permanently established?
2. The Future of the Food Supply.
3. A Study of the means and results of economic control by the Allies during the European War.
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Class B includes only those who, at the time the papers are sent in, are undergraduates of any American college. Class A includes any other Americans without restriction; the possession of a degree is not required of any contestant in this class, nor is any age limit set.

A First Prize of One Thousand Dollars, and A Second Prize of Five Hundred Dollars

are offered to contestants in Class A.

A First Prize of Three Hundred Dollars, and A Second Prize of Two Hundred Dollars

are offered to contestants in Class B. The committee reserves to itself the right to award the two prizes of $1,000 and $500 of Class A to undergraduates in Class B, if the merits of the papers demand it. The committee also reserves the privilege of dividing the prizes offered, if justice can be best obtained thereby. The winner of a prize shall not receive the amount designated until he has prepared his manuscript for the printer to the satisfaction of the committee.

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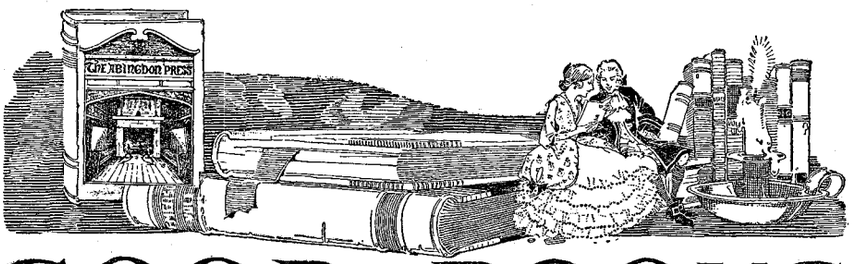

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